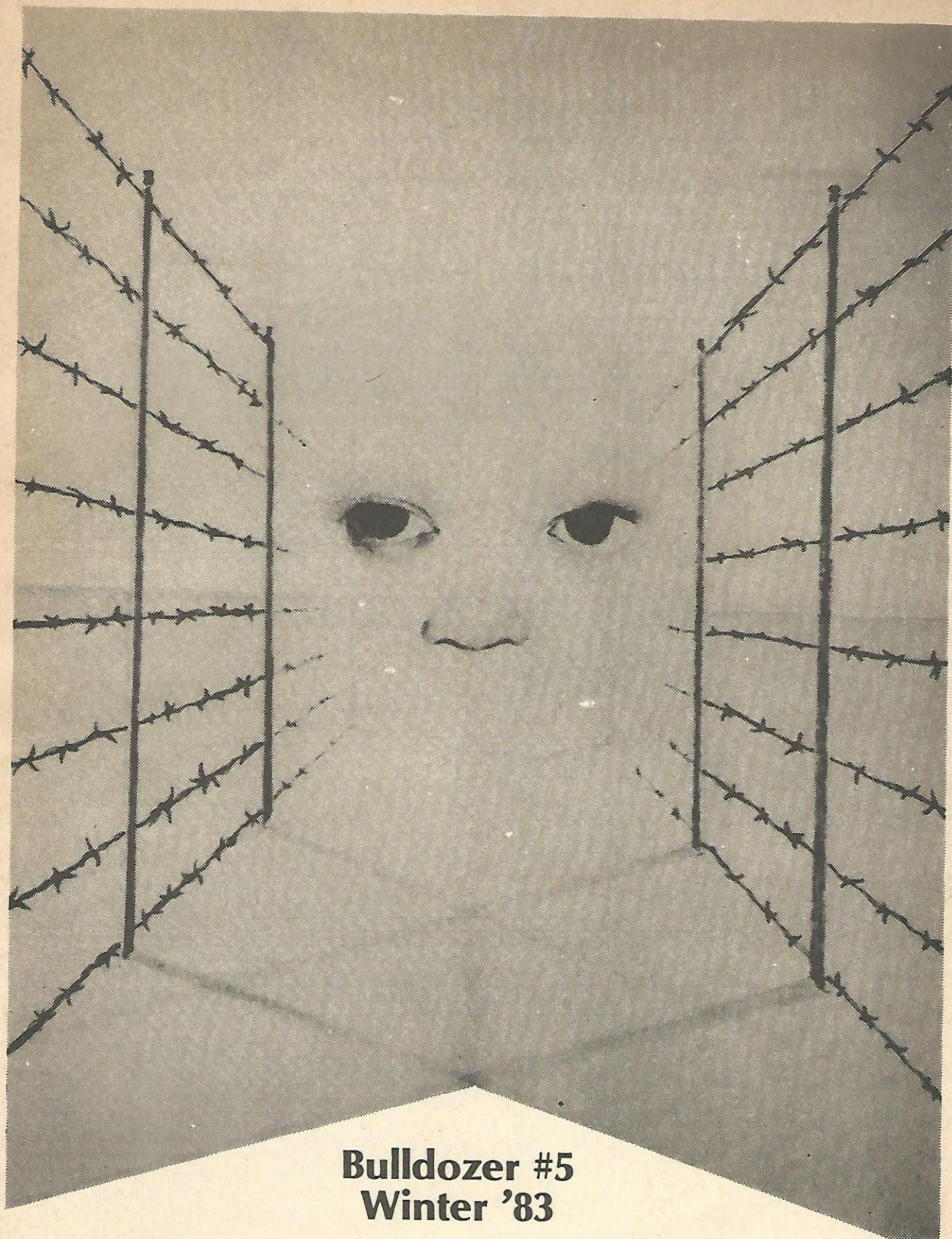




**Bulldozer #5**  
**Winter '83**



# Introduction

Fear: such a common emotion as North American society goes through social and economic breakdown. The future looms ominously for those whose jobs have been terminated, the money runs out and what little promise the system offered is betrayed. Behind locked doors and secured windows, fear of the violent other; a fear that is more apparent than real — festers and grows, isolating us and draining our social energy. We are all such little people. How we fear discovery, that someone should notice who we really are. So we maintain the false fronts, the bravado, the self-serving image rather than risking everything by participating in collective efforts to deal with our problems as prisoners, workers, or street people. No; it is better to let the jailors decide, let the bosses decide what is best for us. We'll cover our own asses.

There is no doubt that the basis for fear is real. This summer's series of violent, often fatal attacks against women in Toronto shows all too clearly who pays the price of the widespread alienation. Toronto the Good is no more. This society is reaping what it has sown: contempt for women, the fusion of sexuality and power, the lust for money, the destruction of community, the glorification of the individual will and ego no matter what the cost to others. All of these "social values" upon which we are raised guarantee the creation of crippled, pained individuals who act in anger and rage towards those around them.

The vast majority of us keep our anti-social responses in check, though who has not felt the almost overpowering urge to lash out, to inflict hurt, as if to ease our own pain. There can be no excuses for the violence suffered by the children, the battering to which wives and lovers are subjected, the random street violence directed towards those who appear weak and vulnerable. But it is precisely this type of violence that the state is incapable of preventing. The prisons and the police mete out punishment of those who are innocent except for their passive acceptance of the way things are.

It is foolish to expect someone who has just been raped, someone who has just been robbed, to understand that the social conditions under which we live are responsible — though of course it is the right answer. Such people are as much the direct victims of state repression as are all those languishing in the iron houses. And the defenders of the status quo would have us believe that more jails, more pigs and better technology will ensure a peaceful society; as if "crime" were something external — a demon to be exorcised — and not consistent with the Greed and hatred woven so tightly in the fabric of this society.

The state, far from avenging the hurt of the victim of crime, is the core of diseased society — all that alienation boiled down to its concentrated form — of the power relations causing the crime in the first place. The state

thrives on the misery of its "citizens". As a result of street crime, the victim in his or her anger, fear and pain becomes more willing to accept the lie that the state is there to protect us. The police, the courts and the prisons are nourished by the life-energy of those who are processed through the system of punishment.

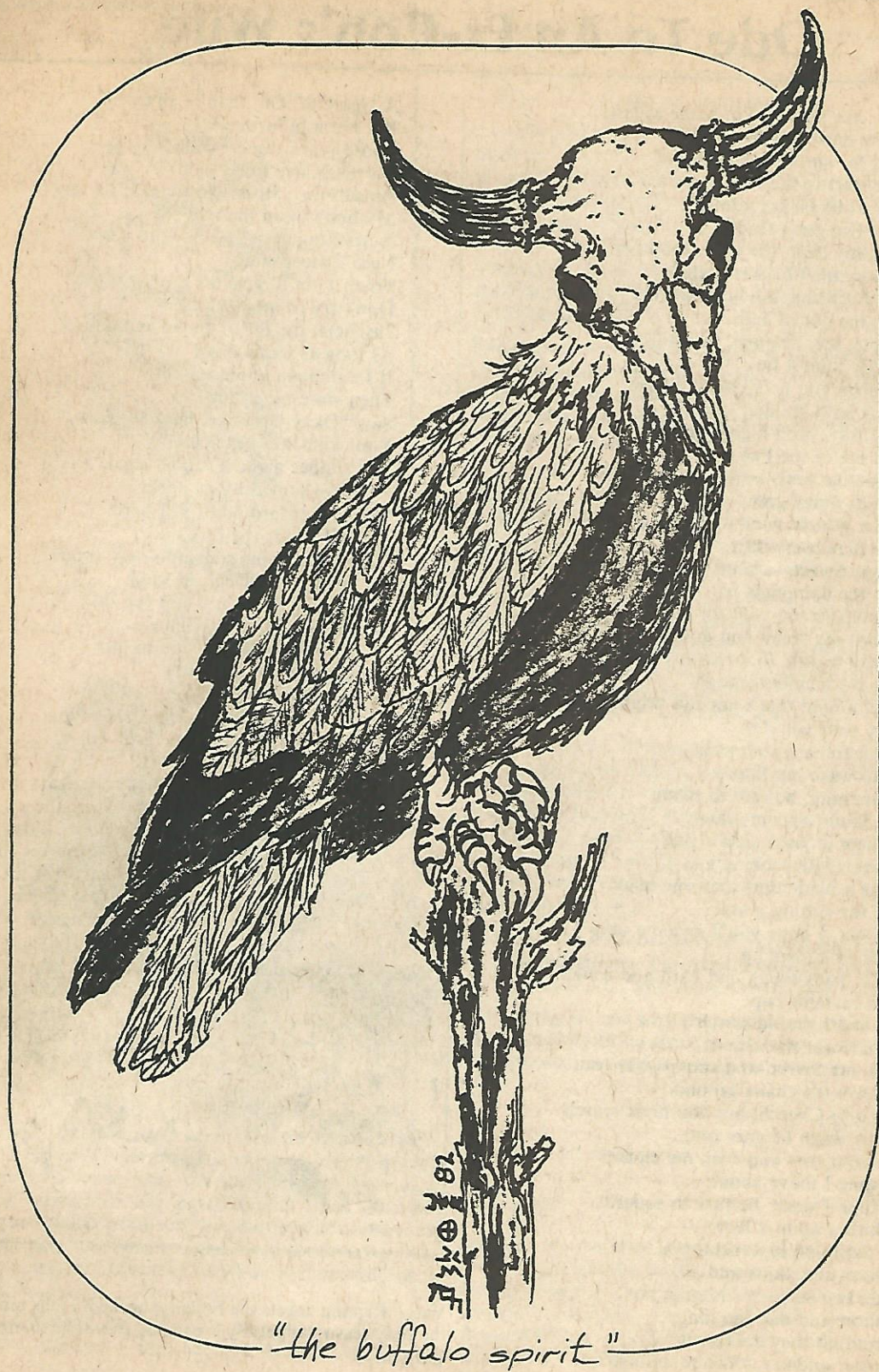
Alternative possibilities are not so difficult to articulate. We do need community. We all need love and affection. We must regain our respect for the earth and for all life. The damage done to us by love of money, of power, of ever-accumulating possessions is easy to see. We fear intimacy, find it easier to be angry than to love; we set standards for the conduct of others which we ourselves cannot maintain.

But how do we get there from here? It is difficult to create paradise when one fears the knife in the back, another hesitates to enter her own apartment in case danger lurks within. The worker attempts to survive another day, another week, another year of drudgery. It is indeed ironic, if not tragic, that those negative aspects of our lives which would be most fundamentally altered by a thorough-going revolution are also those which most keep us from breaking free of our conditioning.

In struggling against our own defeatism, we must see the problems clearly. Naive optimism or rhetoric does no one any good. We must draw strength and lessons from those who are working towards giving their visions life. Women in a few areas are developing mutual aid through a "block sister" program which substitutes the strength of unity and action for the fear and isolation. Indians are drawing from the past in order to give life to the future; the skid row alcoholic becomes the hunter, the warrior, the brother or sister. The prisoners, who, in spite of years of soul-destroying deprivation, hit the street and against all obstacles create a new life for themselves. The cycle of destruction is broken. One more person laughs because the state has lost another victim. A small group of people, calling themselves Direct Action, strike back at the machinery of death by bombing the factory producing the guidance system for the Cruise Missile — raising the spirits of those who share their anger and rage without having their courage.

Whether we win or lose the coming struggles, there will be a lot of pain, a lot of suffering, a lot of dying. We know from long experience that it is the poor and innocent who suffer the most and they are already suffering so much. As the system breaks down, as the struggle increases, we must not let fear and need cause us to seek a state imposed order. Survival, peace on the streets, economic justice and cultural freedom will be ours when we stop expecting others to solve our problems and start to recreate our own lives.





"the buffalo spirit"



# Ode To An Ex-Con's Wife

The time has passed! I'm home at last!  
 Hello, my darling wife.  
 I've paid for sin, now let's begin  
 Another start in life.  
 I'll never rob! I'll get a job!  
 You see, I've got a trade.  
 I'm sure, my dear, the companies here  
 Need many mail-bags made!  
 I've got a scheme, my little dream,  
 To keep me out of Jail;  
 It's simple, see, like one, two, three,  
 I'm sure it cannot fail.  
 Depends on you here's what to do:  
 Just stick with me and then  
 In every way, both night and day,  
 Remind me of the Pen.  
 Oh, paint the walls in rooms and halls  
 A morbid, dingy grey,  
 And let a gust of wind and dust  
 Blow in here every day.  
 In winter, Sweet, turn off the heat  
 And let the dampness in;  
 If it should be too cold for me,  
 Walk past my room and grin.  
 Give me a broom to sweep my room,  
 But cut the handle through;  
 Give me a light that's not too bright,  
 (A forty watt will do).  
 A table bare, a wooden chair,  
 A rag to wash my floor;  
 Another thing, be sure to string  
 An earphone near my door.  
 Back there in jail I used a pail  
 To shave, (with looking glass).  
 Give me a blade that someone made  
 To use for cutting grass!  
 And, Dear, I hope you'll give me soap  
 That never lathers up;  
 A brush that's tough and hard and rough.  
 A plain metallic cup.  
 If you and I should watch TV,  
 I mustn't hear the sound,  
 So yell, my Sweet, and stamp your feet,  
 And move the chairs around.  
 We'll go to Church, but you must search  
 This guy when he goes out;  
 Be on your toes and frisk my clothes  
 Each time I move about.  
 Each time I wash, be sure to squash  
 My clothes up in a ball.  
 Then put them in a metal bin,  
 My shoes and pants and all,  
 Include two socks, within the box;  
 One short and one too long;  
 Never admit they do not fit.  
 Just sneer and say, "You're wrong."

A cigarette? Oh, thanks, my Pet,  
 But not a tailor-made.  
 Those years alone I rolled my own  
 On the salary I was paid.  
 An ash-tray, Boss? No thanks, I'll toss  
 My butts upon the rug.  
 A drinking glass? I'll have to pass;  
 I use a metal mug.  
 When I am ill give me a pill,  
 Don't try to understand  
 Just send me off to choke and cough  
 As long as I can stand.  
 If I complain about a pain,  
 Then stare me in the eye:  
 Say, "Okay, Jerk, get back to work,  
 Your kind will never die!"  
 For supper make a rubber steak,  
 Or serve some leather pork;  
 Use lots of lard and fry it hard,  
 Until it bends the fork.  
 Then heap some suds upon my spuds,  
 Or bake them, Dear, in sand;  
 Make sure the skin is not too thin,  
 To break with mortal hand,  
 Whate'er you fix, be sure to mix  
 The courses all in one.



Vasco Pyjama meets the Fallen Angel who tells him that the only reason angels fly is because they take themselves so lightly.



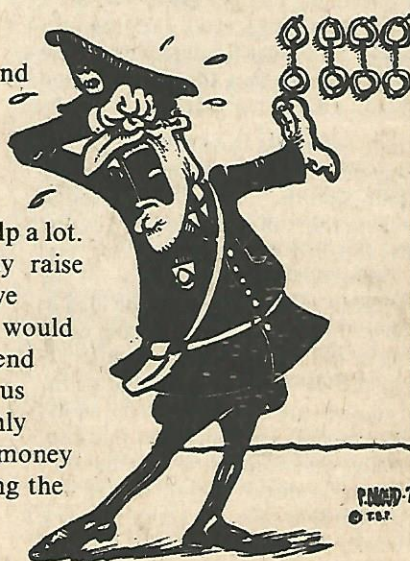
Carrots, peas and maybe cheese;  
 Spill tea upon the bun,  
 When serving tea, it ought to be  
 Cold as a Warden's heart,  
 And make the bread, like heavy lead  
 That I can't tear apart!  
 And when you bake, for goodness sake,  
 Put raisins in the pies.  
 But squash them well, so I can't tell  
 The currants from the flies!  
 It's understood that pie is good  
 With cole-slaw on the top;  
 My memory brings me many things  
 That you can splash and slop.  
 Now don't you set the table, Pet,  
 For I'm not used to that;  
 Three times a day, hand me a tray,  
 Then vamoose, beat it, scat!  
 I'd like it fine if I could dine  
 Inside the bathroom, Dear:  
 By sink and bowl, (ignore the hole)  
 I'm used to that, I fear.  
 When I have ate, it's not too late,  
 I'll walk around the yard,  
 But I want you to dress in blue,  
 Pretend that you're a guard.  
 Or better still, Dear, if you will  
 Watch me walk up and down.  
 And give me Hell: be sure to yell,  
 "Hey get in line you clown!"  
 And when the sun shows day is done,  
 Don't come to bed with me;  
 Many a year upon the tier

I slept alone you see.  
 But don't you fret, my little Pet,  
 As you may use the den;  
 We'll shout and call across the hall  
 As I did in the Pen.  
 That mattress is too soft, Gee Whiz.  
 Get me another kind  
 That's full of lumps and many bumps  
 To stick in my behind!  
 The blankets too, will never do  
 They're much too smooth and fine:  
 Get me a pair the horses wear,  
 That smell like turpentine!  
 Don't set the clock, and don't you knock  
 To wake me anymore . . .  
 Just use the gong, and bang it long  
 Outside my bedroom door.  
 When I get up give me a cup  
 Of coffee muddy-brown,  
 And serve my toast pale as a ghost,  
 Or black as a Judge's gown.  
 You want me home, no more to roam?  
 Then heed my little tale,  
 So I'll recall the months and all  
 Them years I spent in jail.  
 Remind me, Dear, all through the year  
 In everything you do,  
 And you can bet a million, Pet.  
 I'll stay right here with you.

Pep Murray  
 Odyssey Magazine

## Money

Some people don't like you reading Bulldozer and would like to see us stop publishing. They might soon get their way if we don't raise more money. Virtually all our copies are distributed free since few prisoners or supporters have any money. But even two or three dollars can help a lot. We've got the commitment and can probably raise enough money for at least one more issue but we have to go from issue to issue. More donations would relieve the financial pressure. We're willing to send bulk copies to any group that can at least send us postage of two or three dollars, but we'd certainly never turn down a larger donation. Asking for money is not our way of doing things but we're reaching the limit of what we can fund ourselves.





# Bruising the Cruise

We claim responsibility for the bombing of a Litton Systems of Canada Ltd. industrial plant in Toronto, Ontario where the guidance system for the Cruise Missile nuclear weapons are being built.

There is every reason imaginable to tear down the systems and makers of nuclear war: for the survival of all life on Earth, for all people's hopes and visions, for the possibilities of a liveable future. We dedicate this action to the spirit of the people, which if awakened, will overcome the threats to our survival.

Nuclear war is beyond question the ultimate expression of the negative characteristics of Western Civilization. Its roots lie deep within centuries of patriarchy, racism, imperialism, class domination and all other forms of violence and oppression that have scarred human history. As well, nuclear war expresses, in the most horrendous way, the general trend of modern technological civilization towards extinction — either by war or ecological destruction. It points out, with terrorizing finality, that unless people can stop the men that dominate societies around the world — the men who use science and technology for war and power and profit — then the intricate natural world as we know it will cease to exist.

The insanity of nuclear war, and the continuing development of the weapons for nuclear war, stands as a horror for all to see. In the industrialized world more resources, scientists and engineers are engaged in creating the armies and weapons systems for nuclear war than for any other single pursuit. Three to ten new bombs are added daily to the arsenals of global annihilation and over \$300 billion is spent every year increasing and upgrading an overkill stockpile of more than 55,000 nuclear weapons. In the U.S., Reagan has asked for a 31% increase in the Pentagon's present \$1.7 trillion five-year budget and has also announced a new \$1.5 trillion arms program. Who can doubt that the dictators and militarists in the Kremlin are far behind?

The terrorism of this relentless arms buildup, the nightmare of witnessing the Earth being transformed into a giant doomsday bomb, and the realization that things are out-of-control because those in power are greedy and violent madmen has shocked billions with fear and concern. Yet in the industrialized world, many of the same people who profess their abhorrence at the idea of nuclear conflict are nevertheless unthinkingly, and often willingly, participating in the actual processes which are bringing about global nuclear genocide. People of the Western and Eastern empires must wake up to the reality that it is the same governments and militaries that they support, the same ideology and rationalizations that they believe in, the same materialistic, technological and consumeristic lifestyles that they adhere to, and the same corporations or industries that they work for that are

directly responsible for the ongoing nuclear insanity that they claim to reject.

We believe that people must actively fight the nuclear war systems in whatever forms they exist and wherever they exist. Although, in total, the nuclear militarization of the world is a vast and seemingly unfathomable and omnipotent network, it can be understood and effectively resisted when we recognize that it is designed, built and operated in thousands of separate facilities and industries spread throughout the world. By analysing the interests and institutions in our own regions that are contributing to the nuclear buildup we find the smaller component pieces of the nuclear network that are realistic targets for direct confrontation and sabotage. Our opposition to the insanity of nuclear war must be transformed into militant resistance and direct action on a local and regional basis. It is not enough to only theoretically oppose the idea of nuclear war. We must take responsibility for what is going on around us!

In Canada we must specifically fight against the production and testing of the Cruise Missile. But more generally, and strategically, we must recognize that the Canadian State is committed to, and actively involved in, the nuclear war preparations of the U.S. and the rest of the capitalist Western Alliance. As one of the seven Western Summit nations and through its military alliances, the Canadian State is directly participating in the desperate and deadly drive by the Western Alliance (primarily spurred on by the U.S. ruling class) to re-assert capitalism's hegemony globally through the attainment of total nuclear superiority and first-strike capability. The new nuclear weapons systems, such as the Cruise and Pershing II Missiles, the Trident submarines and the Neutron Bomb, are designed for offensive first-strike use, and are seen by the military strategists and leaders of the Western Alliance as a force to contain or defeat any threats to the security of capitalist interests or strategically important regions around the world — be it from the Soviet Union or liberation struggles in the Third World attempting to establish independent economies.

Canadian economic, foreign and military policy is not committed to peace or global justice, rather it is completely emersed within the genocidal nuclear strategy of the Western Alliance to wage nuclear war, if necessary, to maintain the multinational corporate economy throughout the world. Through membership in the NATO and NORAD nuclear military alliances, the Canadian State is fulfilling an active supporting role in maintaining and developing the nuclear fighting capacity of the Western military forces. Primarily, Canadian support systems for nuclear war involve communications devices which supply targetting information to U.S. nuclear weapons systems or detection of incoming attacks; as well as the deployment of nuclear missiles at



# Loose-talk costs lives

**In taxis  
On the phone  
In clubs and bars  
At football matches  
At home with friends  
Anywhere!**

**Whatever you say-**

**say nothing**



Canadian Forces bases at Bagotville, Quebec, at Comox, B.C. and at Chatham, New Brunswick. The ongoing complicity of the Canadian State with nuclear warfare strategies was re-affirmed recently by renewed commitments to both NATO and NORAD, and by the government's support for NATO's nuclear modernization program.

Hand in hand with the government's military involvement in the nuclear operations of NATO and NORAD, Canadian capitalists are making profits from producing components for U.S. nuclear weapons systems. Current government policy places no restrictions on Canadian industrial involvement in the building of U.S. nuclear weapons. Litton is building the Cruise Missile's electronic guidance system, Hawker-Siddeley Canada Ltd. of Toronto is building launchers for the Lance Missiles designed to carry the Neutron Bomb, Vickers of Montreal is building the hull cylinder torpedo tubes for the Polaris, Poseidon and Trident nuclear submarines, Heeds International of Port Moody, B.C. built the cranes to load nuclear warheads into the Trident subs, and a Canadian plant is working on a component for the MX nuclear missile system.

Industries in Canada that produce nuclear weapons components are fully integrated with the military and nuclear policies of the U.S. through the U.S./Canada Defense Production Sharing Arrangements. These arrangements cover the production side of the NORAD agreements for a continental defense policy and set out the division of labour between Canada and the U.S. for weapons production. The federal government directly assists and subsidizes Canadian armament manufacturers through a myriad of programs designed to help these death merchants win U.S. Defense Department contracts available under the Production Sharing Arrangements. Through the Defense Industry Productivity Program, the federal government has given Litton \$26.4 million to subsidize production of the guidance system for the Cruise Missile. In addition, the government has given Litton a five year \$22.5 million interest free loan for the same purpose.

Giving financial aid for the manufacture of components for the Cruise Missile and the agreements to test the Cruise Missile in northern Alberta and Saskatchewan attests to the complete hypocrisy of Trudeau and the other government officials who proclaim that Canadian



policy strives for suffocation of the nuclear arms race. In the grim light of reality, the "peace" pronouncements of Trudeau amount to nothing but enticing lies and illusion designed to con us into believing that the Canadian State is an ally in the struggle for disarmament, and therefore, a workable vehicle in which to direct our energies.



**NUCLEAR BOMBS DON'T KILL PEOPLE—PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE**

We've got to realize the implications of the government's decisions and actual policy. We must come to see the Canadian state as an active enemy to be fought, and not as misguided humanists open to enlightenment. Far from listening to the growing protest from the Canadian public to withdraw its involvement in nuclear war, the government has done just the opposite. It has boosted military spending, re-affirmed commitments to NATO and NORAD, publicly defended the U.S./NATO nuclear strategy, given free money to Litton to build the Cruise Missile, and agreed to let the Pentagon warmongers use Canadian territory for the testing of the Cruise Missile, as well as other newly developed U.S. weapons systems. Counting on these officials to solve our problems is ridiculous. Any belief in the "democracy" of the system to save us is simply a belief in the democracy of lambs being led to the slaughter. We must stop our futile attempts at trying to transform the consciousness of the capitalist slime who make up the Canadian State and begin transforming ourselves and the strategies by which we operate. We will not survive if, in the final analysis, the success of our undertakings is determined by whether the nuclear enemy can be persuaded to change its sickened mind.

While we have no illusions that direct actions, such as this one, can by themselves bring about the end of Canada's role as a resource based economic and military functionary of Western Imperialism, we do believe that militant direct actions are valid and necessary, and can have a constructive function both as a springboard to the kind of consciousness and organization that must be developed if we are to overcome the nuclear masters, and as an effective tool of resistance now. Whether this happens or not depends on the integrity of the existing movement to develop the commitment and courage to carry the struggle beyond legality and the personal

security and privilege of comfortable lifestyles still aspired to, and attainable, by middle-class dissidents in North America.

We believe that it is critical for the already radical sectors of the liberation movement to recognize that direct action and militant resistance can have positive effects now; can weaken the enemy now; and that this possibility to sabotage the enemy's undertakings compliments the movement's long term efforts to transform the consciousness of the people. We believe that, if undertaken seriously and well-supported throughout the existing movement, widely practised militant resistance and sabotage will become effective in slowing down the clock of death and inspire people to respond to the threats to our survival with urgency, vitality and clarity.

The global situation of nuclear holocaust and extreme ecological disaster is rapidly becoming reality. The new Western Alliance weapons for first-strike nuclear war are to be in place by 1983-86. This destabilizing, ever-encroaching reality should compel us all to move beyond protest and work hard to develop a movement with the collective means and ability to actually do something directly to stop the realization of the enemy's life-threatening madness. In the absence of widespread popular refusal to participate any longer in the war projects of the ruling class, we believe that militant direct actions must be used as an attempt to keep uncompleted, or at least slow-down, the programs and technologies which are bringing about our own destruction. For us, this is where the impetus to act lies.

Historically, those in power have always used warfare and repression in order to maintain their control over other people's lives. And today this situation is no different. For the corporate owners and political rulers nuclear weapons are the ultimate tool in the repressive apparatus — the key to maintaining their power. Thus they will never voluntarily disarm or stand aside and watch their power be peacefully taken away. Instead, they will use whatever weapons are necessary to battle those who are threatening their rule. We are certain that only through revolt — not referendums or protest alone — can we stop the powercrazed from launching their W.W. III. It is with an eye towards the generalized development of an actively militant resistance movement that we have undertaken this action.

---

The dynamite exploded prematurely, perhaps due to interference from the police radios. Seven people, including three cops, were injured, caught unprepared as the plant was being cleared. The next article gives Direct Action's explanation for the injuries.

---



# Apologies But Few Regrets

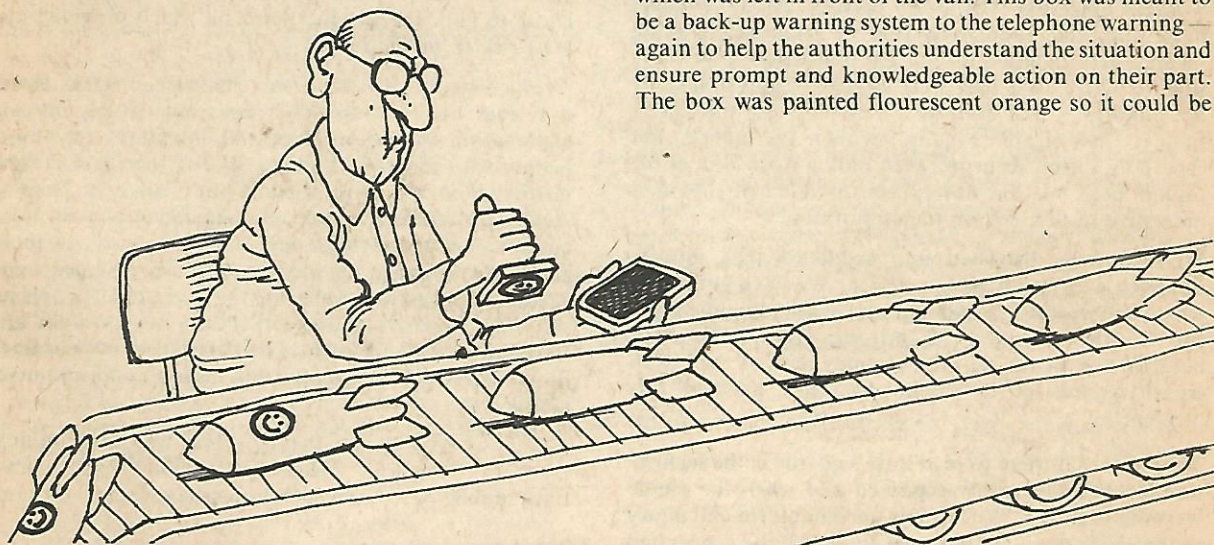
We sincerely regret that any injuries occurred as a result of this action. We never intended any harm to come to anyone—especially the workers at Litton—but instead, we took great care in preparing what we seriously assumed were adequate precautions to insure the safety of all people in the area. Unfortunately, this did not turn out to be the case.

We do not regret, however, our decision to attempt to sabotage the production of the Cruise Missile's guidance "brain". We only claim in all honesty that this action was never meant to be an act of terrorism. We were not trying to threaten or kill the workers or executives of Litton Systems. We were attempting to destroy part of an industrial facility that produces machinery for mass murder. We wanted to blow up as much of that technology of death as possible.

Accidents happen; no systems or people are infallible. For us, however, this fact of life in no way excuses us for the mistakes that we made which contributed to causing injury in this action. We only pose these simple questions to put this tragedy into proper perspective. How many hundreds of times have entire populations been minutes from annihilation due to nuclear war computer systems' malfunctions? How many thousands will suffer from cancer-related diseases because of breakdowns at nuclear power plants? How many thousands are maimed and killed every year in industrial accidents? And isn't it a fact that millions of people starve to death annually because so much money and human effort is put into systems of war rather than developing the means to feed the people of the world.

Although we still firmly believe that it is right to attack the technologies of death, we identify our mistakes in this action as follows:

- 1) The bomb exploded 12 minutes before it was supposed to, assuming that it did detonate at 11:31 p.m. as stated in the media. The bomb was set to go off at 11:43 p.m. If it had exploded at this time, we feel that it was reasonable to have assumed that the Litton plant and surrounding area would have been safely secured. It is a mystery to us why it exploded early, as we had checked and double-checked the accuracy of the timing system many times.
- 2) The warning call was not repeated. The van was left on the lawn in front of the Litton building at 11:17 p.m. We telephoned a warning to Litton Security just one minute after the van was parked. This was to ensure a quick reaction from the authorities, even though we felt certain that the van would have been seen as it was being driven across the lawn and parked. The van was parked 100 meters directly in front of an exposed glass-walled security guard's booth. In fact, the driver of the van could see 3 guards in the booth at all times during the approach and, as a result, knew that the van had not been noticed. Unfortunately, the Litton guard did not completely understand the instructions of the telephone warning. When he asked that the instructions be repeated, he was only told to go out front and look at the van. We see now that the telephone warning should have been carefully repeated. However, if the warning had been understood, and even the police have said it was "meticulous", then the authorities would have had approximately 25 minutes to clear the plant, the area, and surrounding roads — if the bomb had detonated on time.
- 3) We made errors in judgement about the "orange box" which was left in front of the van. This box was meant to be a back-up warning system to the telephone warning — again to help the authorities understand the situation and ensure prompt and knowledgeable action on their part. The box was painted fluorescent orange so it could be





easily seen and taped to all four sides of it was a sheet of paper with information and instructions. On top of the box was taped a stick of unarmed dynamite. We felt certain that the Litton guards, either by seeing the van being parked or by being alerted to it by the telephone warning, would quickly come upon the box — thus having written information in their possession to guide them. Unfortunately, we wrote **Danger Explosives** on top of the of the sheet of instructions. As well, it was not a good idea to leave an unarmed stick of dynamite on top of the box.

Although these two things were done to prove that this was a real bombing, they actually frightened the Litton guards and police away from the box so that the instructions were never read. Because we left evidence of real explosives, and because the instructions contained the information that there were 550 pounds of explosives inside the van, we assumed that the authorities would have undertaken a massive emergency response and evacuation. This is what we were hoping would happen to make sure nobody was hurt. It was specifically stated in the telephone warning that the box contained important instructions and that the dynamite attached to it was harmless. In both the written instructions and the telephone warning, we stated that the van would explode in approximately 15 - 25 minutes. We said this to ensure that everyone, including bomb squad members, would clear away from the van well before it exploded.

4) We were mistaken in believing that the Litton guards and police would be on top of things. The image of cops and guards as "super heroes" caused us to believe that they would have security and safety matters underway very quickly. This obviously did not turn out to be the case. The Litton guards did not observe the van being parked even though it occurred essentially right under their eyes. A Litton guard did not understand the phone warning even though it was given clearly. It seems that the Litton guards did little or nothing to evacuate the workers until after the police arrived. As the workers have said, they were only told to leave the building seconds before the explosion. The police took a very long time to arrive after they were alerted — approximately ten minutes — and even then they only sent one car at first to investigate. Finally, neither the police, but especially Litton security, even took a close look at the orange box. We did not expect this kind of slow and indecisive response from the authorities.

We are very disturbed and saddened that injuries occurred as a result of this action. We have gone over what went wrong time and time again. Most significantly, the bomb exploded 12 minutes too early. But nevertheless, we feel we must strongly criticize the Litton security guards for the way in which they "handled" this incident.

We know that there were at least 3 guards in the security booth when the van was parked and when the phone warning occurred. We feel it is undeniable that all injury to the workers could have been avoided if the guards had

promptly evacuated the Litton plant, as they obviously should have. Although we had no knowledge of the previous false bomb threats (in fact, we oppose the use of fake bomb threats precisely because they do cause the authorities to be skeptical of the authenticity of real bomb attacks), we put effort into making sure that the authorities would quickly understand that this threat was real. It is not as if we said that a pipebomb was hidden somewhere within the entire Litton complex, so evacuate everything.

We informed Litton security of where the van and box were. They were both completely visible to the guards simply by looking straight out through their booth's window and the fact they were there at all obviously indicated that something was amiss. We would like to know why a Litton guard went running into the plant to evacuate the workers only seconds before the explosion — instead of at least ten minutes earlier? And we would like to know why the other Litton guards were standing around on the front lawn, instead of informing workers in the other plants? As well, it is irresponsible of Litton to have never informed the workers of past bomb threats, and to not have a loudspeaker system combined with evacuation plans so that workers could be quickly moved to safety in the event of any danger, be it of a bombing or otherwise.

The position where the van was parked was chosen for two reasons. One, so that it could be easily and quickly seen from the guard's booth. It would have been much less conspicuous, and therefore far less risk for the driver of the van, if it had been parked in front of other two Litton buildings, as neither of these are within direct view of the guard's booth. Secondly, the van was parked in a corner of the building in order that the two walls of this corner would prevent debris from being cast in a southerly or south-westerly direction where the two nearby hotels are located. This position was the only such corner at the front of the three Litton buildings. Again it was at the risk of being apprehended on the spot that we chose to park the van in a location which provided the least risk to public safety.

We have written the above not to redeem ourselves, as we did commit inexcusable errors, but simply as an explanation of our motives and intentions for those people who may feel threatened that there are crazed terrorists on the loose against the Canadian people. Again, we repeat, that we never intended any harm to come to anyone through this action. Instead, we took great care in preparing what we seriously assumed were adequate precautions to ensure the safety of all people in the area. Understand and remember, the terrorists are those who have set the world on the brink of nuclear war, not those who are fighting this insanity and inhuman madness.

Finally we wish to state that in no way was this bombing the work of the Cruise Missile Conversion Project, or any other public peace movement organization in Toronto.

Direct Action



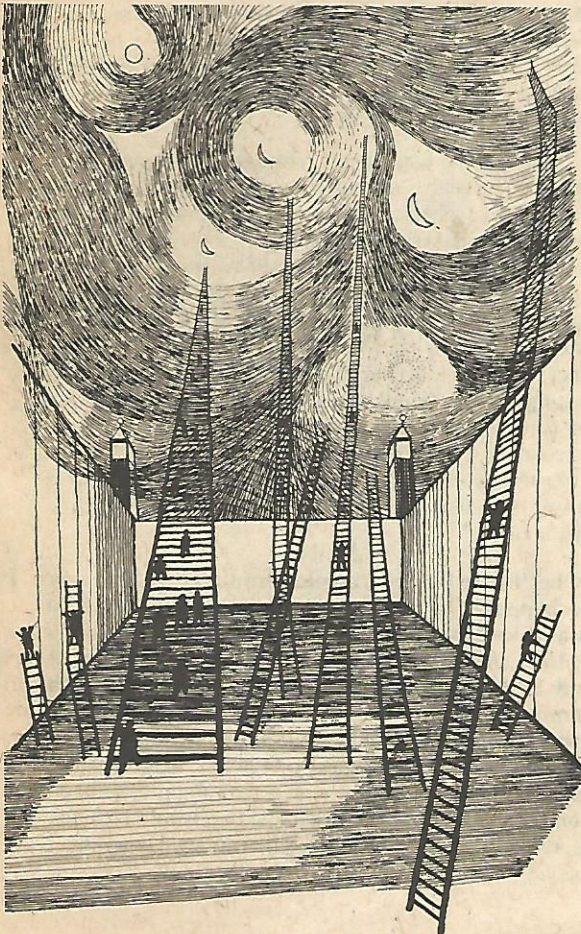
# April is the Cruellest Time

April and the fool is me! The senses dulled right down to the extent of loss of appreciation for almost everything worthwhile living for. Can the zest for life ever be recaptured? Without an inkling or a notion we are re-programmed without ever the capacity of returning to the sensitivities so valuable, yet so irrevocably taken away. Those sunsets are always beautiful and will always possess a peacefulness about them, but do we ever really feel that peacefulness in its full extent again? Too many memories of keys jangling and doors slamming and moments, hours, days or years of tension and anxieties. Just the pure and simple fact of knowing what it's like to be caged and treated subhuman has pushed our minds to an oblivion that can never be re-instated. Hardened? Of course hardened, how else could any other result be achieved? Essential parts and pieces of the mind have

been destroyed and there is never a return. There can never be a carefree moment felt to its full capacity as that of an innocent child.

Peace only comes with death. Concentration camps are alive and well and thriving! Do the Jews who went through the experiences ever forget that breach of security of freedom? Never! Nor will I!

Perhaps had I been younger when first experiencing the coarseness that is evident in human nature I might never have come to any of these realizations. Not only the pallet of the mouth has been acutely dulled but the pallet of the soul. Any restaurant seems institutional because of being served just as any fence, wall or railing is a reminder of such containment.



It's not seeing a police cruiser or a broken window or a siren that needs to be the ever constant reminder of life in hell, that hell never leaves the soul. Life, the most precious of all possessions has been taken away, or at least the part that innocent dreams are made of was taken away when that first door slammed. That indignity, that emptiness and that ever-so-close a friend as loneliness. Learning to cope with that loneliness is what is the total destruction. The equilibrium and total balance of life has been shaken and does not ever come to a full restoration.

The question of recidivism is on the top of everyone's mind. Of course there are recidivists because life becomes not acceptable anywhere anymore. So much taken away that can never be regained. Living part of a life from now on and knowing it is only part is the most difficult to cope with. The complexities that are the sum and total of our minds have been so disoriented that simple relativity and trust in the human being in general becomes the greatest of all burdens. Awareness, an awareness that is not natural becomes the closest friend that takes the place of loneliness. It's this awareness that is so hard to bear. To forget that hands and legs have been manacled and bodies stripped and gawked at. So much pride taken away without ever so much as a thought from anyone responsible. Living life in a fishbowl is beyond anyone's imagination until it is experienced. Demand and command are no longer part of the vocabulary. Command what? Take command of a plate of mashed potatoes and demand what? Demand a request to request a request!

Gary Lewis  
Collins Bay



# Just-us in the Heart of America

Well, many of us, but not enough of us, just witnessed the state conspire to execute Brother Mumia Abu Jamal. The new nigger has arose through one Cynthia White, a black prostitute that sold herself out and now sold out Bro Jamal. Cynthia White, the mystery nigger, who somehow had the ability to be present at the scene yet remain invisible to Veronica Jones, another prostitute that was in the area (and several other witnesses), where Jamal and Police Officer Faulkner lay wounded and another man stood against the wall, yet she never saw Cynthia White, a woman who was well known to her. Jones said the police offered her a deal if she would say she saw Jamal shoot Faulkner, and more specifically, she could work that area with protection. Now Cynthia White apparently was offered the same deal and saw a way to make \$\$ with the blessing of Philadelphia's Finest. She went for it and in the most arrogant manner.

This is just a clear cut example of how the white man's demonology and brain white-washing has gotten its grip so deeply entwined in the American Negro. So deep is the white man's corruption, the white man's deceit — so damaging to life, yet embedded in the American Negro. And it appears in the form of two token bourgeoisie House Niggers, sitting in an otherwise white jury. Sending their brother to the chair, they are worse than the kops, the judge and the whole system put together. How ironic that one day before "Independence Day" a young Afro-American man has been sentenced to die. It is clear how much constitutional rights an Afro-American has in these courts when one of the government's army of reactionaries are killed. And why somebody has to pay and when it is an Afro-American that is charged with the killing they are roller-coasted to the chair.



The climate of the country is so politically racist, white racist judges can carry out this legal lynching with considerable ease, secure in the knowledge that their constituents will uphold the railroading of Jamal and any Black and Third world person going through their court system. The Jury's six-hour debate clearly demonstrates how they had already come to a decision. Indeed, they executed Jamal in December of 1981 when they heard, read or saw the news of the "incident". My concern is what happened that night and my position is that Jamal **must** have the right to defend himself in the way that he sees fit, and that complies with **their own** law. Judge Albert Sabo told Jamal he forfeited the right to defend himself because some of the white women undergoing Jamal's questioning in the jury selection test, felt "nervous" and threatened. And because Jamal persisted in demanding his right to defend his own life in the courtroom he was removed and Anthony Jackson, his state-appointed back-up counsel, was ordered to defend Jamal or go to jail. It was a choice that Jackson chose not to make.

Anthony Jackson Esq. put in an appeal to the State Supreme Court to be removed from the case because Mumia Abu Jamal felt Jackson was indeed incapable of defending him. The State Supreme Court upheld Sabo's out-law and blatant racism.

The courtroom was small enough to ensure little supporter presence and to leave no doubt of their intentions, the spectator seats were filled with cops. The room was divided with whites on one side and blacks on the other side. When I sat in back of the white people, in one of the few available seats, the kops told me to move to the **other** side. Faulkner's family were graciously housed in the DAs room, escorted by Phillie's finest, and not subject to search like everyone else in the courtroom was, including Jamal's family waiting in the crowded hallway, lucky to even get a seat in the courtroom. The jury was comprised of 10 whites and 2 blacks. Two Uncle Tom lackeys that convicted Jamal on lies; convicted Jamal because they wanted to be heroic in the kop's and white people's eyes.

Let's be clear where I'm coming from. We don't know what happened the night of December 9th, 1981 on 13th and Locust Sts. in Philadelphia, city of brotherly love, USA. And I'm not condoning "murder" no matter who it is. I support survival, and if in that survival it becomes necessary to defend ourselves from the genocidal germs, and if you choose to call that murder, I say that self-preservation is the first law of nature. When the person is Black and the cop is white, and the Black person has a giant conspiracy against them and two black fools, two black idiots, go along with this legal lynching, I am saying those germs **must** be wiped out. The new



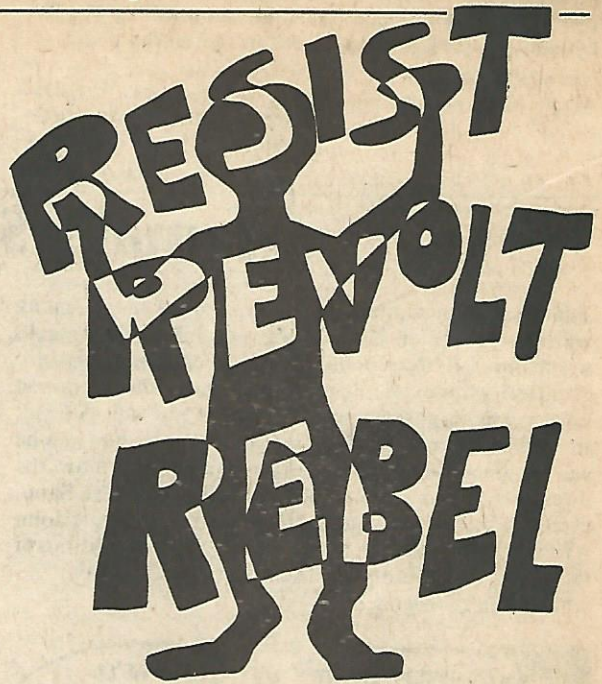
# - the Trial of Mumia- Abu Jamal

nigger, brothers and sisters, must be dealt with harshly. This new nigger is called the bourgeoisie nigger. We must understand what it is in the capitalist mentality that uses ceramical manipulation to make Black folks think like patriotic extremists or clandestine klanspeople. Any Black person that sits on these moral majority juries knowing the history of the Black people — and goddammit you ain't got to read no books to know that. Just being Black is enough to know that we have been systematically oppressed, our brothers and sisters have been beaten, stomped, hung, tarred and feathered-raped-worked til they were burned-out and then tortured because they couldn't produce physically. Our forefathers have been castrated, economically stagnated, split up, the only thing the white man couldn't steal from us is our Soul — that is why we resisted.

We are still on the shores of America fighting in the spirit of Harriet Tubman, who knew back in 1860 the system that took Black people to court held no justice. And the only way they could be freed is by the justice of the slaves. One hundred years later we are still being locked up, beat up, chained up — it's a Black Holocaust happening right now in the courts of America. A white conspiracy, with bourgeoisie niggers, azzkizzie niggers, niggers that have hemorrhaged long ago from Afroism — niggers that would give anything if they could scrub the Black off their skins. Nature made that impossible. Niggers that all they live for is a pat on the back by some white person.

Sitting up there on the jury in Jamal's case, every witness the state presented left every "field" American that heard it with goo-gooes of reasonable doubts. Jamal was eloquent and articulate. Judge Sabo attacked Jamal consistently with sophisticated racism. Sabo's protection of McGill (the prosecution) witnesses, especially Cynthia White, the star ignoramous, from Jackson, the defense attorney, who swung all the power he had in his body and soul. He was consistently put in place by compromise mentality, which is responsible for the verdict of electrocution of our beloved, powerful, revolutionary African brother — and in a white, polite way. No wonder the government hastens to spread propaganda against Khomeini's germ-clearing tactics, while carrying out those tactics in their courts. But when we see brother turn against brother by the outside contagious germ-spreading forces, it becomes clear that the germ must be wiped out.

I recognize that some of our people are so infected with the cancer of niggeritis there's no way they can be deniggered — on the day of our long range revolutionary gains. They the infected Africans of American soil, whose infection has gotten down in their soul, will have to be moved over. Long live the minds that resist! We will always resist. We are a body and when part of that body



hurts, the whole body is affected. And America — we Hurt. We hurt, America, in 1982, when the commonwealth conspires against our Afro-American sisters and brothers. We hurt, America, when the federal investigators storm our Indian sisters and brothers' land committing genocide. We hurt, America, when Haitian sisters and brothers come to your shores and are jailed. We hurt America when our brothers are forced to join your armed forces and fight for a country where our very survival is a constant fight. They are the first to undergo the other side's attack on the front lines. And if they make it back, they are the last to get decent jobs and housing, the first to be forced into your prisons.

America, I charge you with crimes of terror — I say to you this day there is no justice in America. And I know you are feeling the righteous sting of Just-Us. It will be Just Us that shake the disruptive roots of Justice and grind every ounce of racism from these shores so that all people will be Free. I shall never cease resisting for to do so is the mightiest crime of all. When a cause comes along and in our bones we know that cause is just — and we refuse to defend that cause, for whatever reason, that's the second you die. And I have never seen so many corpses walking around talking about justice — words are only as good as the actions behind them.

Yes, America, we hurt and will continue to hurt until you are dead, America. The truth, only the truth, nothing but the truth will set us free. All free. Long live the minds that



resist. Long live revolution. Long live Resistance. Power to the forces of Just Us. Just you, just me will tear that repressive system down, just wait and see. When the prison gates swing open the real dragon will fly out! We demand justice for Jamal... All power to the people.

Write to:  
Sisters of Inner Connections  
7 S. 43rd St., #3, Philadelphia, PA  
19104 USA

Mumia Abu Jamal  
Holmesburg Correctional Institution  
Holmesburg, PA

Mumia Abu Jamal Support Fund  
Box 13117  
Philadelphia, PA 19101

## Jamal's Statement

Today's decision comes as no surprise to me, in fact, many will remember that I said this would happen last week, when **John Africa** predicted and prophesied this jury decision. I want everyone to know it came after a trained lawyer was imposed upon me against my will. A legal, trained lawyer named Tony Jackson, a man who knew he was inadequate to the task and chose to follow the direction of this black-robed conspirator, Albert Sabo, even if it meant ignoring my directions — to quote **John Africa**, "When a lawyer chooses to follow the conditions of the court, he compromises his obligation to his 'client'" — what greater arrogance?



It was a legal, trained lawyer who followed Sabo's direction not to introduce the testimony of policeman Wakshol, a cop who according, alluding to his statement of 12-9-81, arrested me, "accompanied me" to Jefferson Hospital, guarded me, and returned to Homicide later that morning. According to Wakshol, "We stayed with the male at Jefferson until we were relieved. During this time, the negro male made no comments." According to Wakshol's statement of February 11th, 1982, over two months later, Wakshol recalls, "Oh, yeah — Jamal said, 'I

shot him. I hope the M.F. er dies.'"

Did he consider that a "comment"? Why did this trained officer of the law wait for **months** before speaking on the comment? According to Sabo, Wakshol is on vacation, despite the fact his testimony is directly linked to a supposed confession, he would not be called to testify. How convenient! It was a legal, trained lawyer who told the jury, "You've heard all the evidence" — knowing that it wasn't so — the jury heard only what Sabo allowed — nothing more.

Many jurors were told I would cross-examine the witnesses, make opening and closing arguments, and introduce evidence. What they saw was a man silenced, gagged by judicial decree, so what they heard, was nothing. A man ordered not to fight for his life! Every so-called "right" was deceitfully stolen from me by Sabo. My demand that the defense assistant of **my** choice, John Africa, be allowed to sit at the defense table was repeatedly denied.

Meanwhile, in a city-hall courtroom, four floors directly above, a man charged with murder sits with his lawyer, and his father, who just happens to be a Philadelphia policeman. The man, white, was charged with beating a Black man to death and came to court to have his bail revoked after being free for several weeks. His bail was revoked after a public outcry in the Black community after the granting of bail at all. Of course my bail, a ransom of \$250,000 was revoked one day after it was issued. For one defendant, everything is granted. For another, everything is denied. But isn't Justice blind, equal in its application? Does it matter whether a white man is charged with killing a black man, or a black man is charged with killing a white man? The truth is clear — for niggers, poor people, puerto ricans, and what remains of the Indian race, Justice is a sham, a ruse, a joke. To quote John Africa:

"When you judges hang a person, put a person in an electric chair, gas a person, shoot a person to death for a crime ya'll didn't see that person commit, you ain't solving the problem of crime of the so-called criminal or the victim. You've caused a burden for the mother that is now without a son, the wife that is now without a husband, the daughter that is now without a father and society for putting faith in this goddammed procedure. For it is the system that is guilty of the crimes of all that is criminal. All crimes are committed **within** the system, not without.



Because of the influence of that ignorant black boy you judges gassed to death, poor white boy you judges shot to death, Puerto Rican boy, girl, adult electrocuted to death came straight from you judges, your bosses, their crimes."

I am innocent of these charges that I have been tried for despite the connivance of Sabo, McGill and Jackson to deny me my so-called "right" to represent myself, to the assistant of my choice, to personally select a jury of my peers, to cross-examine witnesses, and to make both opening and closing arguments.

I am innocent despite what you 12 people think, and the truth shall set me free! **Long live John Africa!** for his assistance in this fight for my life. It is John Africa who has strengthened me, aided me, and guided me and loves

me. Could John Africa have done worse than this worthless shyster and sellout.

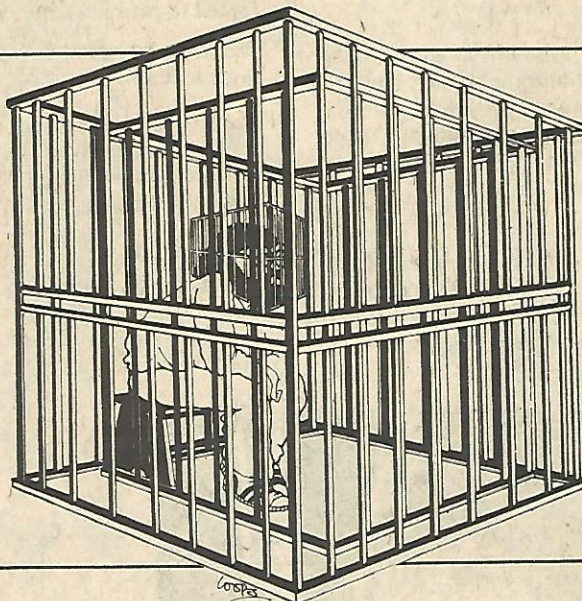
It was John Africa's influence that this court feared — and his assistance that this court resisted and denied. But his protection remains despite the court's resistance.

On December 9th, 1981, the police attempted to execute me on the street — this trial was the result of their failure to do so, just as the police tried to kill my brothers and sisters of the family Africa, on August 8th 1978, they failed and hence, a trial was conducted to complete the execution.

This system is finished! Babylon is fallen!

**Long live Move! Long live John Africa!**

Mumia Abu-Jamal



### Reply to Winston Holloway's article "Realistic Reform?"

His first concern is for taxpayers expenses over prisons, my answer to this is stop building prisons. His second point is for the victims of crime, and some kind of compensation for them from the criminal, but what about all the innocent people in prison, where could they possibly fit into this system, such as the people who write to Bulldozer and obviously have a social conscience, a conscience that probably landed them in prison in the first place. These people want freedom, not re-form. We could have a say in the government of our own confinement he says, but who wants to be a party to his own deprivation, and even if you legally had more say, a vote and a few more rights, would these not be violated just the same as the few rights you already have? Are not lots of letters to Blackdragon and Bulldozer about just this fact, the illegal treatment or withholding of rights by the authorities, even murder. Winston signed himself "In the Spirit of Carl Harp" — what good would a vote have

done Carl? Even if you have the vote, and a union, you would only have what millions of people outside of prison already have, and they still live in poverty and exploitation, and are also unemployed by the millions, so where would the jobs for prisoners you talk of come from, would not the people who complain of paying taxes for prisons then say "by giving jobs to prisoners people outside are being made redundant." No, the callousness and greed of Capitalism creates the callous criminal who would not be interested in compensating his victims. It also creates the prisoners of conscience, who, outraged by the injustice of the system oppose it, and are jailed to their pains, so clearly there is no room for re-form only for the abolition of prisons, and a revolutionary change in society, a change that can institute a mutually caring socialist society of equality, in place of the free for all, rich get richer, poor get poorer, society of capitalism.

Love & Solidarity  
Lyn Hurst



# Archimbault Agony

On the night of July 25, 1982, Archambault prison in Quebec, was the scene of a hostage taking which ended with 3 guards killed, and two prisoners dead due to (alleged) cyanide poisoning. The following article is in large part a synopsis of the 'Report to the International Human Rights Law Group' on the riot and deaths at Archambault by Charles E.M. Kolb. The International Human Rights Law Group which is based in Washington, D.C. is a "public interest firm which provides legal assistance in cases involving international human rights." Mr. Kolb's visit to Archimbault took place some four weeks after the riot occurred.

Details of the events of July 25, have differed so much that any attempt to honestly recount the actual events of that night are futile. Both prisoners and guards interviewed by Mr. Kolb said that up until the riot, relations between the two had been calm.

## The Aftermath

- even though fewer than 50 prisoners out of a total of 425 took part in the events of July 25, all Archambault prisoners were stripped, searched and returned to their cells from which all their personal belongings had been removed.

- although the press was invited to the prison by the administration two days after the riot, lawyers were denied access for ten days.
- a month after the riot, inmates were being fed two cold sandwiches and a dixie cup of milk, twice a day.
- these cold sandwiches and milk were often laced with tear gas, and saliva, and rather than serving them, the guards often merely threw them into the cells, either on the floor or in the toilets. Prisoners also received sandwiches soaked in urine. At least one prisoner was forced to eat such a sandwich, and say how good it was.
- between July 25 and August 8, all prisoners were on 24 hour lockup.
- for the first five days preceeding the riot, tear gas was used extensively throughout the institution. One prisoner told Kolb that while held by two guards, a third guard shot tear gas directly into his mouth.
- another inmate reported being beaten by at least nine guards at the same time, in an effort to get him to sign a confession. This inmate was interrogated repeatedly over a three day period. Refusing to comply with the authorities, he was left in the hole, naked and without





blankets, mattress or running water. This same prisoner described a scene where he saw eight guards lined up to have their boots polished by a naked inmate.

- guards repeatedly harassed inmates, preventing them from getting any sleep.
- one inmate had human feces rubbed in his face by a gloved guard.
- all inmates were denied showers for the first week, the tear gas burning their skin. After a week they were allowed one 2 minute shower per week. This included the time to and from their cells.
- inmates were transferred to the hole, or to the super maximum C.D.C. facility without any formal charges being brought against them.
- many inmates were interrogated concerning their participation in the riot, without the opportunity of consulting their lawyers.

Perhaps the most bizarre part of Kolb's report deals with prisoners masturbating on the bodies of the dead guards, and guards later retaliating by masturbating into the prisoner's cells.

Solicitor General Bob Kaplan responded to the report by saying that it is not up to the government to act if illegal acts have been committed, but up to the prisoners to prove them in court. In an attempt to undermine the credibility of Kolb, Kaplan pointed to the fact that prisoner's lawyers had not brought charges! Here Kaplan is showing his depravity since it is his own penitentiary service which denied prisoners the right to see their lawyers, and denied the lawyers the "privilege" to enter Archambault in the critical days following the riot. If as the Solicitor said, he finds Mr. Kolb's report "hardly credible", then he should have had nothing to fear from an independent inquiry!

Dead and Dying  
Litter a floor  
The remainder  
Of unbridled torment  
Medieval fortress  
Cast of  
Stone and steel  
Brought down  
In the rage  
Of tortured souls  
Exploding in violence  
Rubbish piled high  
In the midst  
Of men  
Spent of Passion  
Waiting  
In the chilling calm  
The next chapter  
The opening  
Of Canada's  
Next Monster.

A few words attempting to describe the finish of the Kingston riot of seventy-one. Nothing has changed since that time. They could have just as easily been written to describe Attica, Santa Fe, Archimbault, them all, and they'll still have meaning as long as the torture chambers exist.

All of us have our own form of suicide when our situation becomes hopeless and we have nothing to look forward to but a lifetime of despair. Two prisoners at Archimbault penitentiary recently took their's. Regardless of the judicial gangbang the crime pimps are trying to railroad through, those two were a beginning and not an end.

Why not? Nothing is going to change. Even the cover-up sounds like a broken record. They always do. Suspend all

laws, bar lawyers from their clients, parade the puppet press through the central dome so they can parrot the government propaganda minister, and create a red herring to feed the gullible public. This time it's a group of entertainers who take the blame. Only a moron could buy it, but in this paternalistic country, people are used to turning to a morally bankrupt government to do their thinking for them.

If it wasn't so tragic, it would almost be laughable. So much bullshit coming from so many sanctimonious hypocrites pretending to deplore prison violence when the whole filthy system thrives on it. In fact, prison violence isn't even considered a problem to those people. Immediately after the Archimbault blow, the Solicitor-General made the ridiculous statement, "This is the first trouble we've had since we started the policy of locking up the potentially violent more than a year ago." That less than three months after two prisoners were killed in Ontario alone.

That's understandable. Dead prisoners are no problem to this system. It's just a numbers game in the biggest economic ripoff of all. When a prisoner is killed, some pig in a black robe will make sure the cell is filled the next day. They'll still make all their profits. As for the damage caused in a riot, take a look at who gets the repair contracts. Take a look at the costs as well. Each filthy cage costs more than a luxury apartment.

Let's face it, riots are programmed into this system. That's the main reason for the Solicitor-General's refusal to call for an inquiry over the Archimbault uprising and his announcement of an inquiry into shows staged for the prisoners. He already knows the causes of the riot and obviously could care less about them but objects very much to the prisoners escaping their oppression long enough to watch a couple hours of entertainment.

Tommy Smith



# Tempered by Torment

The capacity of the human spirit to absorb shock is miraculous. A man can be twisted almost beyond recognition, driven to the edge of insanity, tormented by the fires of hell, he can suffer adversity, pain and cruelty, undergo degradation — yet retain the sensibilities and compassion of a human being.

**This, my brothers and sisters, is the American Indian.**

It all starts with application of the preamble of the Constitution which states, that:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness".



Indians cry fraud in the most prominent places which racial discrimination and deprivation of rights are being perpetrated against them, but nobody listens. Why? Because it's going to take much more than a mere handful to bring these points forward. When Indians realize their strength in numbers, then they will gain a psychological advantage in their struggle. Even today there are many Indian brothers and sisters who only live for themselves and whose main concern is how to achieve material gains. My only regret is that I had to come to prison to learn more about the struggle. I hope that no other brother has to enter the incarcerated world in order to have his eyes and mind open to what is taking place with the Native Americans today.

Before we can achieve recognition, respect and acceptance, we are going to have to learn the basic conception of togetherness and unit. A house that is divided can never hope to stand long. One of the modernization aspects of genocide is to bring separation to those who seek togetherness. If each and every one of us does not put forth a concerted effort and grim determination to preserve what has not already been taken away from us, then it won't be long before the American Indian becomes a memory. And even a memory has a distinct way of fading. I cannot even begin to envision a world where there no longer exists a beautiful nation of people such as the American Indians.

I call on our people to support only those Indian leaders who hold the people's welfare above all other considerations. And I further call on the ones who have not yet to become involved in some meaningful way to do so.

It has been said that some will lose in order to learn. Haven't we lost enough already because not enough of us stood together? Can we afford to pass the struggle on to our children when we ourselves are in a position today to alleviate most of the injustices now? Look at your children now and ask yourselves how the future will be for them. We can pass our culture and heritage down to them. But we cannot afford to pass today's problems down.

Come together today. For tomorrow it may be too late. Our struggles can only make us that much stronger and determined. The only ones who can defeat us is ourselves.

In the spirit of togetherness,  
Richard Slack #83552  
Camp A - Dorm 1  
Angola, LA



# Is There Life After Prison?

The question has been posed about the facts surrounding Jack Abbott and what might have been done to have avoided that tragedy . . . The fact is that very little of what Jack Abbott had to face in the way of problems has anything at all to do with the problems to be faced by the average man who comes out of prison to face your world . . . Jack Abbott was far more qualified to face the problem than most of these men are, but he did in fact have to face one that every man in the prison experience has to face.

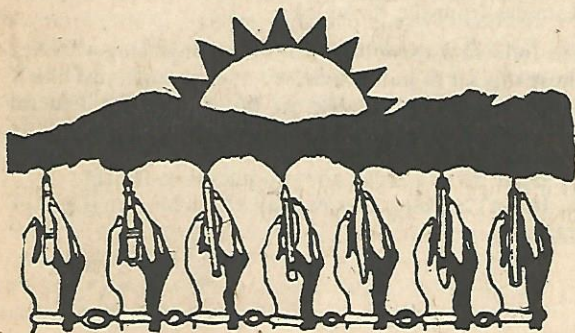
Survival in prison requires an "image" . . . So you build one . . . Once this is built and practised for more than a year or two it is part of the man. If you do not know that this man has been to prison and that many of the social brakes no longer fit his wheels and you try to violate that image . . . Some one is going to die. It doesn't make any difference who it is. If the image belongs to a man who feels he is too weak to face you and win, he is going to defend himself when you don't expect him. He will take advantage of ambush, lie, cheat, whatever it takes . . . **because you have come to the centre of what you taught him in prison . . . and his mind, his life/survival depends on winning at all costs . . . until**

you change your prisons, until the people in those prisons are more important than the powers of lock and key there are no answers to the questions you pose. Pavlovian response is what you face when you try to push a man who is out of prison for the first time in years and to expect him to act in some other way in moments of stress is foolish beyond belief. Maybe after 5 years back in society it might happen but not at first. When a man comes into prison he brings the street reality with him . . . it takes him more than a year to retrain himself to ways that will allow him to survive in prisons and the lessons that force him to change are grim beyond belief. A man fresh out of prison is going to react if you move too quickly near him. Before he knows who is moving so quickly he may hit you, if he is armed (many of them are because a weapon is almost part of their mental make-up after a time in prison) he may shoot or stab you. This is part of the "flight response" of an animal . . . What you



have done with your prison is to reduce a man to an absolute . . . Civilization would find he has more in common with the animal than with what is socially referred to as a man. He thinks, he functions, but he has no trust left for you the society, and without that trust he is incapable of coming to the society and asking for justice, for a share of whatever is around (including a dream) . . . You have destroyed your link with him and if you expect him to live with you in peace you are going to have to find a way to build a new link. Abuse won't work, fear won't work with men who are as intelligent in their own way as the best among the free society. Mankind without law is the most efficient of all the predators. Without the rule of law he is by nature a hunter and he will revert . . . to revert in this sense is to depend on his own law and most will see their rights to your property as being more obvious than yours are . . . **politicians are not the solution.**

Paris Carriger  
Death Row, A.S.P.





# Domestic Violence

Here in the State of New Hampshire and all across the country there is a growing problem which is attacking the family unit with savage force. It is scaring the children of tomorrow who are living through the horror of domestic violence in their homes today. It is a horror that will damage many of them for life.

There are so many cases of domestic violence, and there are numerous reasons for it. Domestic violence is a crime in America, yet there is a higher rate of domestic violence in this country than in any other country in the world today. There are now coalitions and different organizations in many states to combat this growing horror. There are centers that counsel abused and battered women as well as emergency shelters, support groups for the victims of this horror, and even day care and accompaniment to court, hospitals and social service agencies. Also there are public education programs on the horror known as domestic violence in America.

Battering is a crime of violence, in most cases just senseless violence. From inside my prison cell I see that the public must be educated to the horror of this problem. There are many people who have the attitude that a domestic crisis should be treated by only the family. This is insanity because of the depth of the problem itself.

There are many people working hard as volunteers, and also working long hard hours to combat this human crisis. One of my reasons for writing this article and submitting it for publication is that from a prison cell I became an active member in the struggle against the growing weed of domestic violence. I was once a batterer and had no one to turn to for help with my problem because in the prisons across the country there are no programs for batterers nor counselling. So my own search for help took me deeply into soul searching.

It was not easy for a numbered convict to reach to society and beg for help from them who look upon us as numbers and monsters. I wrote letters to many different groups, centers and agencies requesting help with my problem. No reply ever came. I wondered if it was all just a ride on a bandwagon for the majority of agencies. The soul searching was endless and at last I saw a change in myself and then people just started to believe in me, and support my effort.

Soul searching and my own quest for help took me to many places and different worlds. It was no easy task and it took great courage to defeat my ego and break out of my old life-long image and to then change parts of my moral outlook. I found that my problem was because of Learned Behaviour and also because of drug and alcohol abuse which I started at the age of ten. There was no battering nor violent abuse in our home. There were some very tough and trying human crises and conflicts.

I was stereotyped into a macho role by the ruthless streets of the South Bronx that have no respect for the intimate unit. It is my prayer that this article will open the doors of every prison, and programs to combat domestic violence will enter the prisons themselves and then things such as counselling for batterers and abusers will be afforded to prisoners who want to help themselves with this problem.

This will not happen overnight and it will take Federal grants and many more volunteers and state funding. I think that such a program inside will be a powerful tool against this horror. This is a national problem. Prisons are full of stereotyped people of all races and creeds. America was formed to a great nation by people helping people helping themselves. I always hear people in society saying, "Where have we gone wrong?" I do not honestly have an answer for such a universal question. However, I can see the penal system is doing nothing but breeding violent crime and domestic violence is just growing and growing while destroying the garden.

In my search for the real me I became very frustrated and the stress grew in me. I felt so drained at times as well as lost and confused. The more people that I communicated with and spoke about my problem to made a difference. I learned how to use outlets for my stress and bitterness. I started feeling good about what I was now doing. I also found that the world is full of warm caring beautiful people who do care about others.

I started reading everything I could find on domestic violence. I educated myself and studied different forms of psychology as well as social and political behaviour. I then pledged to start the crusade to open up the prisons to programs to treat batterers inside the walls of all prisons.

The life behind the walls is not an easy one. It is a very compact abnormal environment that breeds violence. The Government just does not care about reform. It warehouses people. The government's new tool for treating the crime problem is to incapacitate all prisoners.

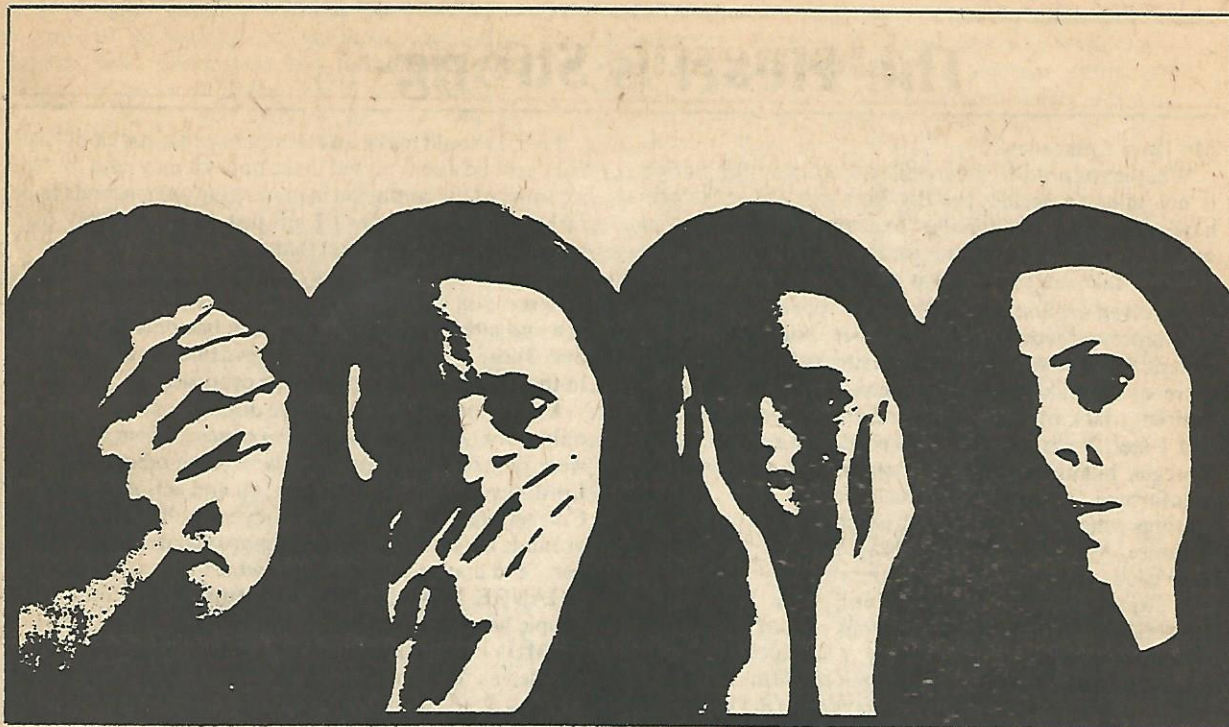
I have been a front runner in prison politics and I have given talks on domestic violence to many prison groups. I would like to now share some of my notes. The Government does not really do so much about domestic violence so it is up to the people to push the Government. X comes from the Bronx also.

The following are notes taken while conversing with X. I chose this set of notes because I once thought just like X did when we first spoke in my cell in the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa.

**Q.** What do you think about domestic violence?

**A.** It ain't nothing, because all them bitches is power crazy.





Q. What do you think about the women's lib movement?

A. It sucks.

Q. You think it is fair to hit your wife or woman?

A. Sure - I am the man, and I can't let no bitch jump down in my pants. I gotta make the law, and when she is out of line I have to smack the shit out of her. I am not going to let no woman walk up on me.

Q. Did your father beat your mother?

A. Yeah, all the time.

Q. Did it upset you?

A. Yeah, cause that was my mother, not some street player or jive ass lady.

Q. Why did he beat her?

A. Cause he be all drunk up and high.

Q. How did it make you feel?

A. Real bad, man.

Q. Did you ever ask your old man about it?

A. Yeah, and he said I best just be minding my own business.

That conversation is just one case of stereotyping in a million that we call learned behaviour. The prisons are full of people who can be helped. Domestic violence is a monster that can no longer hide in its dark cave in the hidden forest. It is a pathic predator in the household of millions of Americans. Will we allow this heartless creature to go on torturing America? This horror is filling our mental hospitals and prisons as well as skidrows and drug treatment centers with Americans.

Whether there is a breakdown of communication in the family unit there is always some type of problems. Whenever there is a lack of communication in an intimate unit there is likely to be domestic violence also. I believe that honesty is the most needed tool in dealing with or treating domestic violence. I also believe that in any intimate relationship that positive reinforcement is the thing that will help it grow to flower into a beautiful thing.

By shaping the foundation of a relationship with honesty it will support it in any storm or conflict. We all know that emotional crises find the path into all intimate relationships at some point and we get trapped in a state of emotional turmoil as a result of this. However, any type of crisis will pass, and we must not let the scars remain burned in our minds or hearts.

Violence is a major crime in America. Domestic violence is a crime in the heart of America, in the American home. We ask ourselves as Americans — where is the problem that is destroying this nation, this country? The answer could very well be, domestic violence, the weed growing in the garden of humanity...

Frank Torres  
Box 14  
Concord, N.H. 03301

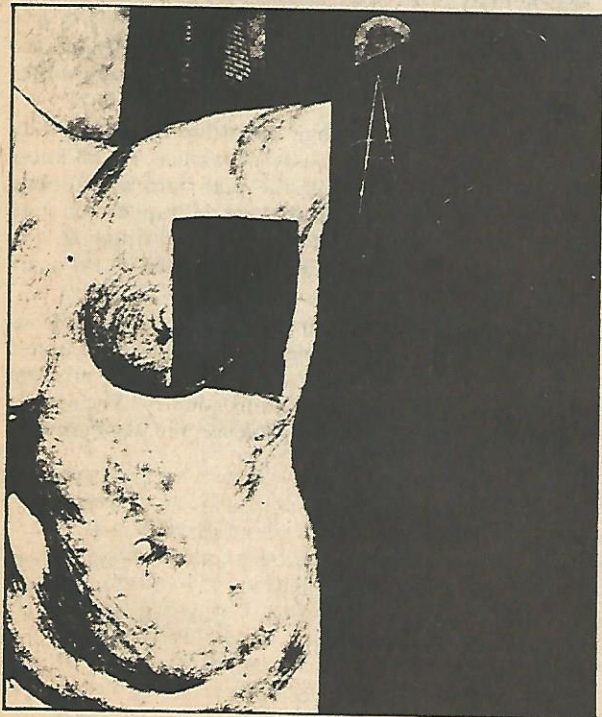


# The Heart is Strong

My Dear Comrades,

Whether or not this letter will reach its true destination is not mine to decide, for Big Brother's Little Helpers have taken it upon themselves to censor all incoming and outgoing mail that is sent to/for me. (Bless the bastards.) Anyway this inconvenience is no big thing.

I received my first issue of Bulldozer yesterday. To say I was impressed would be an understatement. Brothers & Sisters, I salute you! From the writings I can see much more of a solid unity than I have ever experienced. I noticed a lack of communication from women though, and I feel this is very much needed. We too are in the struggle, but the majority of women are misinformed, uninformed, or apathetic. Enclosed are some of my writings which you may publish complete or in part if you so desire. As it has been said repeatedly, "Men think with their heads while women think with their hearts." Hearts are sometimes greatly overlooked in value and importance. The strongest emotions in pure form stem first from the heart. For all I say, I can only speak for myself (I wish this were otherwise, but I have found that an awful lot of "preaching" goes in one ear and out the other, as there are few women who are not easily intimidated.) I may not always think up the most "practical" solution, but I do think and feel and do. For what I lack in any other areas, the overabundance of heart compensates. I will stand beside you Brothers, fight beside you and die beside you if need be. I choose my death to be free!



I feel I should make an attempt to explain a bit of basic background about myself in the hopes it may tend to clear up some of the confusion in my writing (which tends to be rather caustic at times.) I am just developing my own thoughts and it is apparent that they are not fully matured as of yet. (Any suggestions or advice on how to help this progress will be extremely appreciated.) I am 21 years of age and although my incarceration has only been a little over 3 years I feel the ugliness and evil that has been handed to the People over the past three centuries.

My revolutionary ideas were discovered within myself only a few years ago, but I have exposed them since they were first found. Christians claim to be reborn with the Lord; my rebirth came from truth and action. The State Correctional Institution at Muncy is the ultimate breeding grounds for just-us. There are approximately 350 women here, and maybe 10 who believe we are in drastic need of a CHANGE. Most of them are closet queens. The only other people here who are also true activists are the sisters from the MOVE Organization. I commend them highly! We are labelled as "confirmed radicals," but I go one higher, I am called a "radical racist." Now dig this — my so called prejudice is aimed at my own race (further explained in **The Great White Hope**.) The foul tactics they have employed on all the people who could be held in a state of constant oppression for centuries, will be blamed on me and my kind (by discouraging others weaker or not as informed as ourselves, by twisting our words, making lies out of our truths, by calling me a "racist") and they will not carry the weight for their viciousness. They can't. But they will have to! (Believe it or not I have received some negative messages from representatives of the KKK about my "destroying the virtue of White Womanhood.") Since they are so damn insecure already, it would be the final blow to them to admit that we, the "subhuman, lower than low life prisoners" are right and for them to face the fact that all they say and/or do is a lie. This warped form of reasoning does not even equal a milligram of common sense. And they dare to name it JUSTICE!!!

Granted, there are many easier ways to do my time and I'm sure all of my People are aware of the options they had before (or after) they joined the struggle. But to me, to choose any of those options over Our Fight would be to commit mental suicide and assassinate freedom, not only for myself, but for all our comrades. We must take action immediately. We must fight back now. We are the minority, but far from a silent minority. Soon our screaming will reach all ears transforming us to the majority!

Live To Be Free!  
In The Struggle,  
Sunset

(Lynn Marie Wesley - #6051  
P.O. Box 180 - S.C.I.M.  
Muncy, Pennsylvania, 17756)



# The Great White Hope

**'ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE  
WHO DON'T FEAR FREEDOM!!!'**

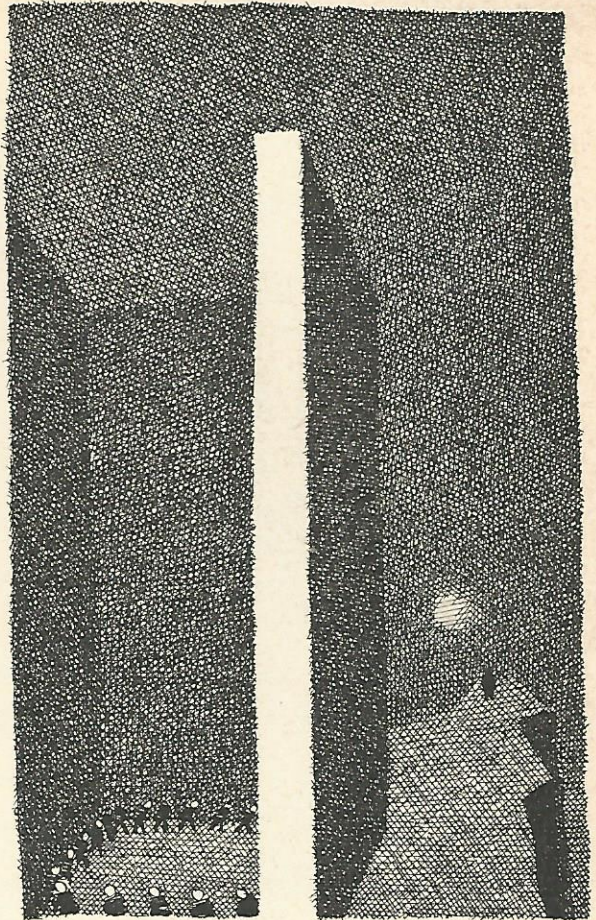
I am long past the point of being disgusted. Pure anger has welled up inside causing a strain of militant blood to boil over. The Great White Hope has exceeded all boundaries of my tolerance! A strong form of prejudice is building; however, the "abnormal" part is that this prejudice is against my own race — the monster which white society has constructed a.k.a. the Great White Hope. White Pig has no positive place in my life; the only exception to this goes to those who are solid comrades. I have not based this decision of denouncing a human solely on the fact that he/she was born with white skin. It is just as the so-called (wanna be) liberals proclaim, "Niggers come in all colors," well, so does the Great White Hope.

We know people are taught to think that all the fucked up things in which they believe in are right, they are a product of their environment and become conditioned such; they believe all the years of their lives that their way is right, even when the truth is pointed out to them in such a manner to make it blatantly obvious; they CANNOT accept it, for it would show them that their whole lives (i.e. values, morals, ideals, education and attitudes) have been a complete waste.

They can't and they won't accept our truths because EVERYBODY who fits in the category of The Great White Hope is terribly insecure from jump street. Then, for them to admit such a horrendous defeat (i.e. the total waste of everything in their entire lives equals unquestionable failure) would be the crucial blow. It would take away the last bit of hope they have left to cling to. (None other than the Great White Hope.)

Then too, you also have the ignorant, lazy, apathetic and/or capitalistic parasites (who exploit - gloating on their foul exploitations.) The ignorant have the closest situation resembling an excuse simply because they do not know. Still this falls short of a justifiable excuse, for if a person really, sincerely wants to learn the truth, there are quite a few open avenues for them to find it out. If they choose to ignore the knowledge of such, then they must be placed in one or more of the other three undesirable, interchangeable class factions. These other categories consist of beings who can rightly be called subhumans. They do not give a flying fuck about anyone or anything but THEMSELVES. Their primary concern is "Keep me happy, keep my wallet fat, and fuck you and anybody else who interferes with the first two parts of their subhuman goal.

Well, as uncaring and compassionless as they are now will be magnified a thousand fold — on OUR part — when the Change begins to unfold. We will hold a united hatred, which will be ever so much more powerful than their individual apathy/evil. These parasitic creatures which I speak of will fall the hardest! They will see all their values and beliefs crumble before them forcing them to let go of



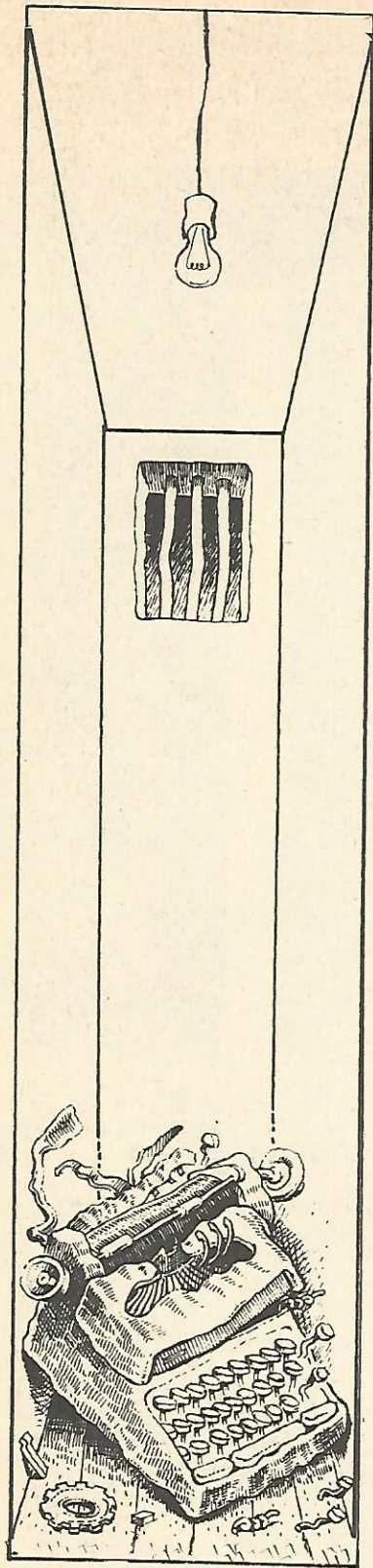
the last shred of hope they have (the ultimate end of The Great White Hope) which in turn will make them face a devastating, defeating death be it physical or psychological.

No sincere revolution has ever been peaceful. We cannot expect this to be a first. More blood will be shed. Blood from each side, from every color. But a cause will be served; initiative will be instilled; action will be born from passion's dreams, a definite point of pure truth will be screamed out to all and our most desired change will form into reality!

Yes, some of us will die physically, but we shall bring many more of them to death, whether it is by assassinating them bodily or by killing their closed minds. They shall die in disgusted defeat carrying to their graves the shame of centuries. We will die whole, with pride,

Sunset  
(Lynn M. Wesley #6051)  
March 25, 1982





## They Got M

On Friday, 11 June 1982, the bureaucrats indigenous to the Washington State Penitentiary took Danny "Skeemo" Atteberry, Larry Jones, and me, Bill Dunne, to what they called a transfer hearing committee. We had been given the 48 hour notice of the hearing that the supposed rules required — dated the 8th and given to us on the 9th — though these "rules" did not conform to parts of RCW (Revised Code of Washington) Title 34, governing the issuance of administrative rules.

There were many jujus at the hearings, including a "representative of the director" from the state capitol in Olympia, the deputy warden, an associate warden, the general of the prison's counselors, and the "law liason officer". They played out the charade without even observing the invalid rules they had produced for the occasion by denying us lay advisors, refusing us witnesses, time to secure witness statements, and opportunity to review other pertinent documents to which the "rules" gave us access.

Skeemo was told that all of that wouldn't make any difference, and the committee demonstrated that the same was true for legal arguments against the transfer. Neither did the committee present any evidence to support the allegations upon which they were supposedly considering us for transfer; they merely reiterated them, insisted on their veracity, and demanded information about them. This hearing, like other administrative hearings at WSP, demonstrated that due process, not to mention other constitutional safeguards of people's rights, does not live in Washington state's division of corrections. The committee "recommended" that we all be transferred out of state and transferred to another location within the state pending finalization of the out of state move.

The death and dismemberment of inalienable rights and other such social mythology in Washington prisons can be seen in what now are punishable offenses for active prisoners. My transfer "hearing" is illustrative. The first accusation considered was "pattern of advocacy of violence, unrest and rebellion" and, judging from its prominence in the committee member's minds and their statements, was the primary reason they wanted to get rid of me. The committee chairwoman told me that this allegation arose entirely out of my having written for and edited the **Washington Prison News Service (WPNS)**, a weekly publication, for the past seven months. The committee could only accuse and refused to cite specific article(s) or number(s) its members felt were objectionable — an admittedly tough task, as the strongest action advocated in **WPNS** was using the courts and contacting public officials and media representatives with protests of the illegitimate exercise of authority.

Now, would the committee explain why no infraction had been written for such conduct if it was so flagrantly in violation of the rules as to advocate violence, etc., considering that the administration had been aware of and had access to **WPNS** and its writers for six of the seven months of its production. Names and prison numbers were included in each issue. Also, the committee members would not say why they suddenly felt **WPNS** was not protected by the first amendment when a Division of Corrections' spokesman had acknowledged the contrary to a **Seattle Times** reporter.

The number two charge was "potential escape risk based on past history and current philosophy", though no new information was introduced at the hearing to show how I was any more of an escape risk now than when I was sent to WSP. The only information relied on was that which had been brought up at my trials prior to my incarceration in WSP. And security at WSP, a maximum security prison, has been tightened since my arrival there.

The third charge was "past or present affiliation with anarchist groups", though no evidence was forthcoming demonstrating such "affiliation" or how past



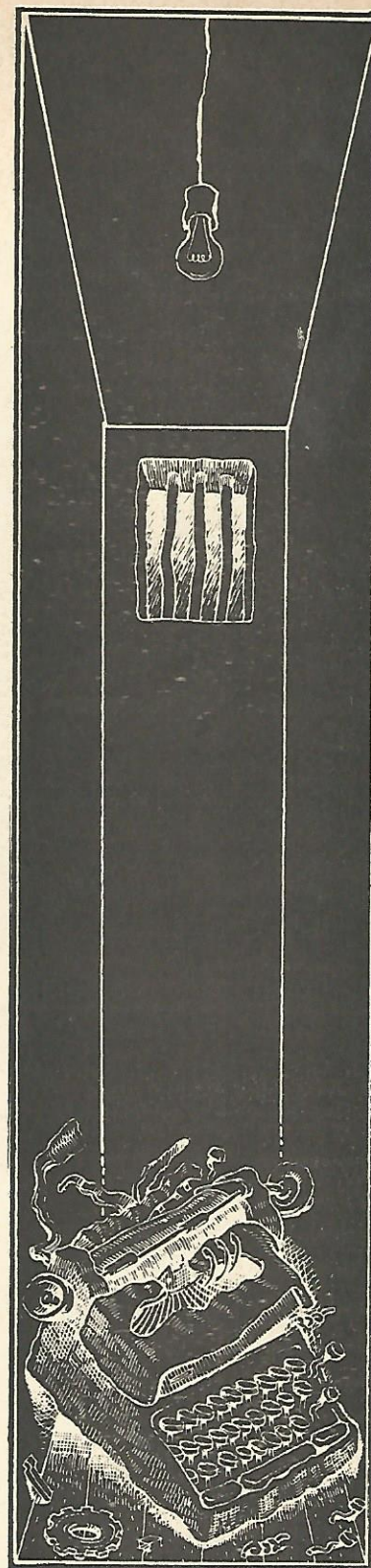
# e Movin' On

allegations of "a group" had become anarchist "groups", plural — or what any of that had to do with an involuntary, punitive transfer. My statement that I corresponded with anarchist organizations was taken as proof of the charge, though I could not get "affiliations with republicans" added to the charge based on correspondence with such denizens of political machinations (which would **really** have assassinated my character!). Neither would the committee members show what compelling government interest overruled my first amendment right to believe what I choose, be it anarchy or otherwise, and be free of punishment therefor. The next allegation was "possession of dangerous substances, such as potassium cyanide", a charge which was never proven and to which due process was never applied — and identical evidence for which was deemed insufficient in the case of another prisoner. And it is in addition to evidence indicating that the accusation of this possession was knowingly false. Even if considered true, no showing was made how the charge could be grounds for transfer in light of all the other prisoners with infractions for dangerous substances and weapons were not so considered. This charge, too, had been baselessly pluralized with the passage of time. The fifth charge was "considerable federal time to do", which has nothing demonstrable to do with a punitive transfer. That sentence was known to the state authorities at the time I was sent to WSP, and if they were so anxious to have me in the federal system, discharge of my remaining state time would have been more appropriate than transfer on false and irrelevant charges. And what's a few years out of 90 anyway?

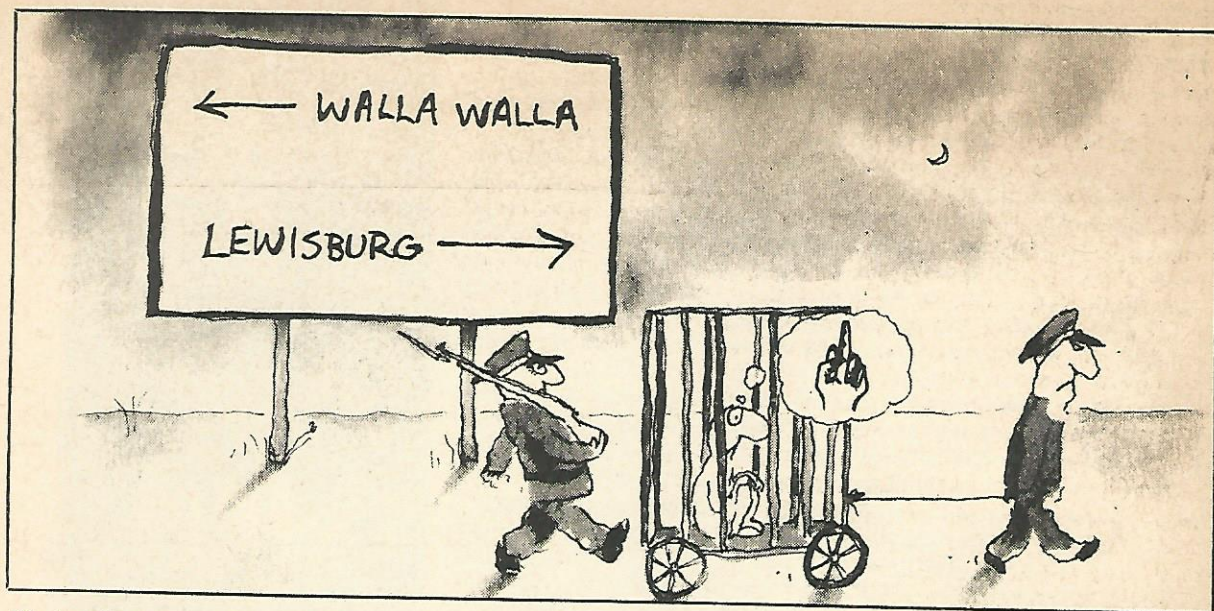
The allegations made against Larry as a basis for the transfer were identical to those made against me, but he refused to go to the hearing. He felt he should not lend legitimacy to it by participating. The character of Skeemo's hearing was the same as that of mine, though the specifics varied slightly. He, like me, felt that we could get more ammunition — albeit paper bullets — to demonstrate the illegitimacy of WSP administrative hearings by going and making a record (the minutes of which we were not provided, despite promises that we would be, with relevant attachments such as the supposedly objectionable numbers of **WPNS** in order to appeal.)

His hearing cosigned the "kangaroo" nature and motivation of mine — made it more obvious that the punitive transfer was motivated more by our supposedly protected political beliefs, activities and communication than by any failure to abide by rules, or being a threat to prison security and/or order. The anarchist, escape risk, and cyanide (it was supposedly found in a radio confiscated from a cell shared by me, Larry, Skeemo, and another prisoner) allegations were the same for Skeemo as for Larry and me, and the other two charges had to do with infractions that were eight and four years old.

Half an hour after the second hearing was finished, we were on our way out of the prison and so discovered that the warden had accepted the committee's "recommendation". From what a counsellor let slip and the hogs said, preparations for the move were under way before the first hearing was over, which goes to show the predetermined, kangaroo nature of the proceedings. We were chained and shackled, loaded into a van, and followed by a carload of goons with guns, taken to the Special Offender Center (SOC) at Monroe, WA — which we came to know as the "psycho palace" because of its program, clientele, and construction. There we were held in strict isolation and not treated very well. Mail was not forwarded, visits were interfered with and severely limited — even lawyers — and yard and phone time was cut back, if the concrete pit we were allowed recreation in could be called a yard. SOC people call them silos. Guards were sent specially from WSP at Walla Walla to guard us, and they wouldn't allow us any newspapers or magazines or other information about the outside world (except a few old Reader's Digests). The only books we could get were a few old trashy novels barely worth the name.







The law library was a joke we did not get to see in person. In general, our conditions were inferior to those even in segregation at Walla Walla (WSP). I think that they sent us there because they felt it was the place they could segregate us most completely and that had the population to whom we would be least likely to spread what they undoubtedly view as the pinko disease. Prolixin, Thorazine, solid doors, listening devices, 190 employees for 144 prisoners, continuous observation and prohibition on all contact are tough guns to attempt to communicate — let alone educate or politicize — under. Who says the Russians are the only ones who put their dissidents in psychiatric prisons? We stayed at the psycho palace 18 days.

On Tuesday, 29 June, 1982, between 10 and 11 AM, the sergeant and two of the guards of the Walla Walla contingent woke me up and told me I was going to the doctor. They set that lie up the week before by telling the three of us they had scheduled us all for physicals the following week and so were able to trick me roundly, soundly and profoundly. I didn't realize what was happening until I saw a car, a van and a bunch of hogs in the garage through which prisoners are brought in that is to the left of the point where the infirmary is to the right. My suspicions were confirmed when the sergeant, bursting with glee at having gotten his lie over, made the sign to the control booth and the left door opened. I was then chained and shackled and put in the car where I was informed that they were in too much of a hurry to send any of the one bag of property they let me bring from WSP to SOC. The hogs then went back to Skeemo and, judging by his appearance, he was tricked too. They put him in a van behind me, probably wanting to keep us separated so we couldn't plot — or whatever else they thought we might do chained and shackled in the midst of many, many of them while they got ready to go. Larry

had time to figure out what was happening, considering that the opening and closing of the doors probably woke him up and that they'd violated their "rule" that only one of us could be out of the cells at any time by not bringing me or Skeemo back from the "doctor" before coming for him. Chained and shackled like us, he was put in the van with Skeemo.

There were lots of hogs around, none of them in uniform. We recognised the Walla Walla contingent and some of the slime indigenous to SOC. There were some jujus in suits there too, most of them, like many of the hogs, unknown to us. An associate warden of SOC and Thatcher, general of classification for the Division of Corrections, were the only jujus whose identity I could discover, though I heard the presence of federals mentioned. All of the creeps donned bullet proof vests. Thatcher gave us each a nine line denial of the administrative appeals of the transfer we filed on Friday, 25/June from Amos Reed, secretary of the division of corrections. We went. By the time we reached the main road, we had picked up some marked local and state cars for a total of 13 four-wheeled, a couple of motorcycles, and about 40 hogs with revolvers, rifles, shotguns, and bulletproof vests. The main road took us to the Everett, WA airport.

I think that the pilots of the chain (prisoner transport) plane that was waiting for us there were shocked by our send off — they later said it was the biggest they'd seen — and were plenty anxious to beat propellers out of there before this motly army started a war with itself. The plane was a twin-engine, 10 seat, Piper Navajo Chieftan belonging to Air Security Transport out of someplace in Southern California that the pilots would not specify. Their uniforms were pretty close to those of Los Angeles County Deputy Sherriffs, the patches thereon, said



"Security Transport" and their badges (5 point stars) said "deputy sheriff" but we could not get them to tell us their jurisdiction. Both pilots were very reticent, somewhat paranoid, and intent on flying; one of them would not even tell us his name. The other one probably wouldn't have either, except he forgot to take off his name tag.

The trip was plenty alright, considering the circumstances though it doesn't take much to be alright after 6 months in the hole. Being chained up made it somewhat uncomfortable and many hours on the plane gave me a case of the squirms. But the view, sensation of motion, airplane, stops and speculation made me feel like I got burned by only getting a one way cross-country flight. Larry and the man picked up in Great Falls, MT got to go to CA (as well as a 20-year-old woman picked up in Illinois bound for Oregon) via Colony, NY and an unspecified number of other stops. The pilots told us their company got a dollar a mile apiece which makes the reasons for the forced tours clear. The outrageous security evaporated after Washington.

At Sioux Falls, IA we sat around a deserted and dark FBO (Fixed Base Operator) lounge, chained, shackled and strung together, while the pilots tried to get us into the local county jail for the night. We left with them muttering about "assholes that didn't want any crooks in their goddamn jail." We got to Marion (Williamson Co. Airport), IL at about 1:30 AM local time. The pilot pigs with local assistance took Skeemo right to the federal prison about 10 miles outside of town. I will miss him. Larry and I spent what remained of the night and most of the morning in the local county jail, which was a pit, though the prisoners were alright. We discovered that the water in that county tastes like a swamp smells. We got to see quite a bit of the rip and tear that the last tornado there did. And we learned that some of the local hogs carry .45s and have quadraphonic stereos in their patrol cars. That is about all that we took away from our visit to Marion/Williamson County, Illinois.

The next day — later the same day actually — we made Williamsport, PA airport, the Lewisburg prison stop, on the second landing. The feds had a bus waiting there for another chain plane they thought might fill it and so refused to take me which required the co-pilot to go rent a car and drive me the 25-30 miles to the federal prison at Lewisburg. The trip was not alright being as it was the last glimpse of the outside I'm likely to get for quite awhile and I couldn't talk the pilot into letting me go for a walk. I left Larry sitting on a bench at the airport surrounded by federales (Larry is now at Lompoc, CA) with the woman for Oregon and man for California — probation violation and minor cocaine beef respectively.) I will miss him, too. Though there are many remote possibilities in the paper process, it is likely to be years before the three of us have any contact. Despite precedent, the feds even prohibit correspondence between prisoners in different prisons even though it is censored coming and going.

The suit on the illegalities of the seg hearing — administrative segregation, disciplinary, and transfer — was filed in Snohomish County superior court on Monday, 28/June, for me and Skeemo. Larry did not want to contest the transfer so a separate suit will probably be filed on his behalf relative to the other hearings. Skeemo and I were both surprised that our suit was filed in Snohomish County — state court — it was originally supposed to be a federal action against violation of our civil rights under U.S.C. Section 1983, but we haven't had a chance to discuss with the lawyer what the tactical reasoning might have been. Now that we are no longer in that county and because most of the defendants are in and committed their illegal acts in the state capitol of Olympia, an effort will be made to transfer the venue to Thurston County, WA, the one which includes Olympia. This should already be accomplished, though there is no telling when the hearings will be.

My application for a writ of certiorari on behalf of me and Skeemo relative to the transfer hearing and intra state transfer got rejected — not ruled on or considered, just rejected — by the same Snohomish Co. judge who was supposed to hear the suit which makes the change of venue all the more desirable. I came very close to committing the indiscretion of writing him the snotty letter that he so richly deserves about his unethical actions that came with my returned writ papers. The suit was OK, though it could have been better in some respects. Skeemo and I got to palaver over it some through the cracks in the doors and came to the conclusion that though it didn't bring up some of the points, particularly the first amendment issues, as pointedly as we would have liked, it did so adequately and left openings for them to be argued and emphasized as that becomes necessary and desirable.

As I wrote, the suit was filed on 28/June and the need for speed that the canaille were talking about at transfer time undoubtedly had more to do with that and the process server than the schedule they alleged to be so concerned about. Skeemo asked Thatcher, I believe it was, about the suit and all he would say as they were taking us to the airport was that they hadn't been served. I understand that the server was on the way there as we were taking off, but don't know exactly what he/she/it was going to serve. No TRO (Temporary Restraining Order) was asked for in the complaint, but I thought the requested preliminary injunction would do the jobba. In either case, however, it would not apply to a fait accompli; an order for our return is now required, and I think that will be much tougher to get, if not impossible — especially in state court. A show cause hearing was already cancelled pending the change of venue. So it is apparent things are not moving real quickly.

Bill Dunne, #10916-086  
P.O. Box 1000  
Lewisburg, PA 17837



# Walla Walla Intolerable

Prisoners confined to the infamous Segregation Unit at Washington State Penitentiary are still arbitrarily subjected to inhumane treatment. Conditions have **again** become so intolerable in Segregation and so obviously insoluble in the approved manner. Victims of unnecessary repressive actions intentionally created by militant acting guards programmed for oppression to make prisoner's lives more unpleasant. Prisoners are in a position of no power to protest their conditions and Seg prisoners are especially powerless. Prisoners have little confidence in the legal system, and have to grasp at what slim straws are available to them. Prisoners have long made many efforts to alleviate these problems without success. The public money that is wasted on this cumbersome, slow and expensive process that, in the final analysis, serves primarily in the interests of the courts and bureaucrats, could be much better applied elsewhere, fixing problems, for instance. The list of deprivations inflicted is very long and covers pages. To make it brief, I will only hit lightly on them.

They are: 1) Denial of all due process. 2) Medical treatment, access to sick call, denial of appointments, delayed calls, no escorts, no diets due to extra punishment by guards. 3) Food, quality and quantity and unsanitary handling are all less than should be. 4) Supplies, cleaning equipment, clothes, pens, pencils, paper. 5) Denial of Ad Seg contracts as extra punishment, denial of TVs, lamps, radios to certain prisoners they want to be hard on. For more detailed info on these abuses see previous **Washington Prison News Service** issues.

Militant Seg guards on Oct. 4, 1982 "gooned" and jumped on a prisoner. His clothes were then taken and cell stripped, because he asked why he had to perform a 2nd spreading of his cheeks. Later that day a 2nd prisoner was "gooned" and jumped on and placed in a strip cell. This happened as he was going into his cell. The tier was placed on deadlock. On Oct. 5, a third prisoner was stepping into his cell and he was jumped and "gooned" and placed on strip cell status. Shortly afterwards the first gooned prisoner was returning from sick cell from injuries received in the gooning the morning before, and he was jumped on, "gooned", and put back in his strip cell. The tier was again put on deadlock, denying some 13 prisoners showers, yards, legal calls, supplies, clean clothes, etc. On Oct. 6 a commotion started on the tier. The outcome of it was that a guard got stabbed, and a prisoner (unarmed) was beaten with 4 foot batons with metal inserts. The guards were swinging the batons, hitting this prisoner in the face and upper body until he dropped. He was cuffed while one stick was being twisted into his lower spine and another stick was being poked at his rectum and balls. All the time he was doing all he could to yell, "I am not resisting." He took 7 or 8 blows that were given like you swing a baseball bat at a hard ball. They were blows meant to maim or kill this prisoner. He was taken to the hospital and later we heard he's in a strip cell on the third floor, his fate un-

known. The third floor is the prison's mental health unit. Later the same day about 15 or more "goons" out for revenge with sticks and 4 inch high pressure fire hose came down A deck to get even and started their revenge by subjecting the 13 or so prisoners left on the tier to total repression by the taking of toothpastes, drinking cups, clothes, most all papers, magazines and books, coffee, paper, pens, pencils (3 inch kinds), all medications, brutal handling of photos, letters and other personal effects; not stopping with these acts alone, but spitting on myself and making threats of death to me and everyone else.

On Oct. 7, we were still deadlocked and the oppression implemented by the guards was in full motion by the deadlocking of C deck, an open tier (A deck is in the box car cells, 6 x 9 with two doors). On the 8th, nothing happens but 2 or 3 people go through threats of death and have their cells ransacked while they go for a shower that is less than 2 minutes long, while militant revenge-gearred guards wipe their feet off on pillows, sheets, blankets, and take even more items that were left by the first shakedown. On Oct. 9, 2 prisoners couldn't bear the treatment any longer and cut their arms up (a few hours apart). They told others earlier that they were not staying and taking this treatment. So they mutilated themselves and one ate a large supply of Tylenol that guards gave him to make sure he would not be brought back.

Between Oct. 7 and Oct. 15 there's been a total of 10 suicides and mutilations by prisoner on A deck, reason being to get moved. And why not — the strippings and wearing of handcuffs behind the back to get a matter of feet to the shower while still other goons are ransacking your personal effects. It's about exercise vs. security, meaning if you want your exercise allotted by A.C.A. (American Correctional Association), you take it cuffed up. As of Oct. 19, there's been no opportunity to use a mirror and razor or any of the installed pull-up bars that cost the taxpayers plenty. They have more than enough guns, bullet proof vests, sticks, helmets, shields and other rehabilitative items that cost the taxpayers "mass" dollars. An attempt to get even more tax dollars to waste on needless oppression of prisoners is the new "Federal Brand" handcuff that has been implemented while hundreds of other long used handcuffs lay dormant in boxes. Whenever there's a chance to implement new policies of repression and waste more tax dollars, check what Amos Reed goes for.

Sometimes it is necessary in life with big brother to accept some self-oppression to limit that created by the guards. If you're concerned or tired or outraged by the way your tax dollars are being wasted on needless repressive actions intentionally created by militant guards who dish out extra punishment other than prison and seg, and by doing so create inhuman conditions, incidents, then protest. Why has the prison administration allowed conditions to deteriorate? Could it be that more of your tax money spent on this repression means more money sticking to their



palms? Protest — write your legislators, Governor Spellman, Prison Director in Olympia and all other people in power to stop the waste of your tax dollars. If not you, who? If not now, when? Act today.

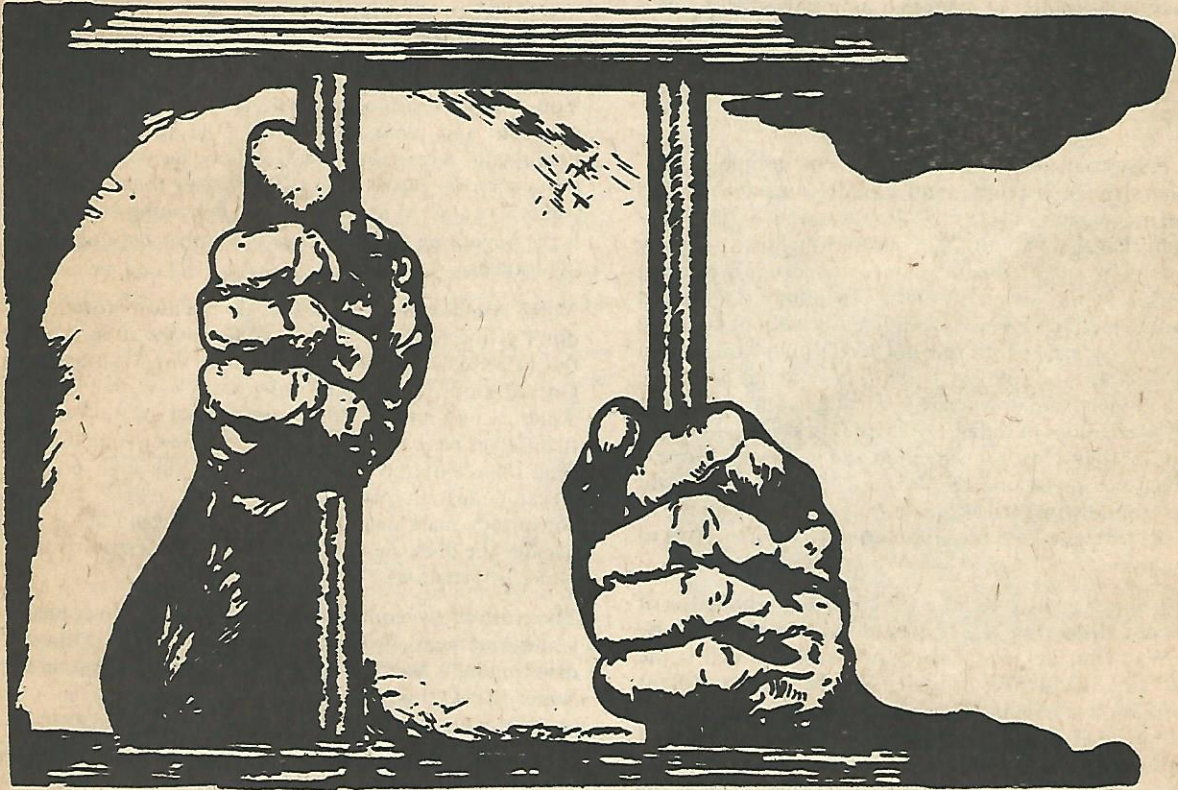
In struggle,  
W.S.P. Prisoners

I'm not much on writing, but we've got a serious problem here in segregation. On A-deck we are forced to wear handcuffs behind our backs at all times when we're out of our cells. It not only makes us defenseless against guards' brutality, but it is a way to dehumanize us even more!

They force us to strip, go through the complete routine, back up to the tray slot, get the cuffs put on behind our

I hope you print this so people on the streets can see what their tax dollars are doing, and so they can write some letters to get this situation rectified, if possible. I'll put the addresses on the end of this letter. We need as much support from the streets as we can get! The swine here on A deck have been getting real crazy. They've been talking real crazy and even throwing shit into your cells, setting our trays on the outside of our bars (our bars are so close together we can't get our hands through sideways). And I don't have proof (but I've seen the condition of some of my trays) of them spitting in our food.

They've come in my cell twice and tore my cell apart, took some of my personal and legal property, but that's nothing new here.



backs, parade down a tier of men, and then we're locked in the shower where the cuffs are removed. They let us dress, take a shower, or make a phone call if we're on the list. Then before they will open the door, they put the cuffs back on and then let us on the tier for our exercise period (It's supposed to be an hour, but they count the time from the second they open our cell doors, and sometimes they don't even give us the full hour). I've asked them and myself many times, how can anybody exercise with cuffs on? We can't even smoke, play cards, use the bathroom, etc. If a swine don't like you, he will clamp down on the cuffs to cut off the circulation, so you have no choice but to go to your cell.

You can write letters to:

Jed Myers #270926  
P.O. Box 520  
Walla Walla, Wash. 99362 U.S.A.

Pat Arthur - Mitch Riese  
Evergreen Legal Services  
South 2nd Ave.  
Walla Walla, Wash. 99362 U.S.A.

Larry Kincheloe - Superintendent  
P.O. Box 520  
Walla Walla, Wash. 99362 U.S.A.

Jed Myers #270926



## "Na-kaa-che-wee-toa unawweep"

"It is not necessary for you to imprison yourself within the confines of any particular ideology or political philosophy to be a people. You may be a people without ever being consciously aware of having had a "political" thought in your head. The way you express your peoplehood is through your actions; what you do in your everyday struggles. How you deal with your ongoing existence determines what you are. If you think people-thoughts and imagine yourself to be a people, but your actions are inconsistent in that they contribute nothing to peoplehood then your life is a sham, and all your good thinking is a matter of profound unimportance. To be a people you must live your life as a people."

Standing Deer a/k/a Robert Wilson POW2/7/80 LA County Jail, CA USA

I suppose the most important element desired in the Indian struggle is **Truth**, and I would assume that applies to all movements in general. The 60's and early 70's surely taught that there are those in our midst who are actually worse than our oppressors. Spies are certainly nothing "new", they have been around a few hundred thousand years. Sometimes we are spies ourselves without knowing it. Sometimes we play a role in Greed's plan without you or I even knowing it. The truth I speak about is not the truth hidden from us who are in constant communication with the realities of today, but often times being in the eye of the storm we lose our direction and purpose. No one is perfect, nor is just one people totally correct since we do stem from distinct tribes and cultures of the great tree of life, all with enriched beauties and ideas to offer hope to human kind.

Truth which I speak about is the cover-up, fabrication of evidence, distortion of a system of judgement of law by the Wasi'chu, i.e., Fat-Takers or Greeds, which is the final say. Evidence in cases where this pertinent information is essential to the Freedom and often the life of a prisoner. Truth is the tool we must protect and continue to employ with diligence to expose the everyday corruption of the FBI and their accomplices such as the CIA. Let us not forget the CIA sprayed bacteria for a biological test on the citizens of New York in 1956. Let us not forget what the FBI's **Cointelpro** did with Fred Hampton in Chicago.

Let us not forget what the CIA did in Chile. President Salvador Allende and his coalition, Popular Unity was elected in 1970. On September 11, 1973 the CIA supported Chilean armed forces overthrew the Government, killing Allende. Today people are still being imprisoned, tortured, thousands have died (murdered) families destroyed, dreams lost to the Greed. What we need to remember is our Brother Leonard "Gwarth-ee-läss" Peltier, a Chippewa/Lakota Sioux struggling to expose these same tactics that the FBI's **Cointelpro**

waged against his people, and other Indian peoples and is still using against Indian peoples.

So you're afraid to talk, act or support any issue, because you fear that a McCarthy cloud might float over your head? You think struggling to make a future for the children to come is not worth it? You fear the coming food and energy shortages? You might be this way as a result of Greed's subliminal attacks through TV, radio, daily newspaper or magazines that you might read. Maybe all that strange clicking on the phone is just so much static. Your mail looking as if a troop of Boy Scouts treaded over it? If you have any of these occurrences in your life, then welcome to the 1980's.

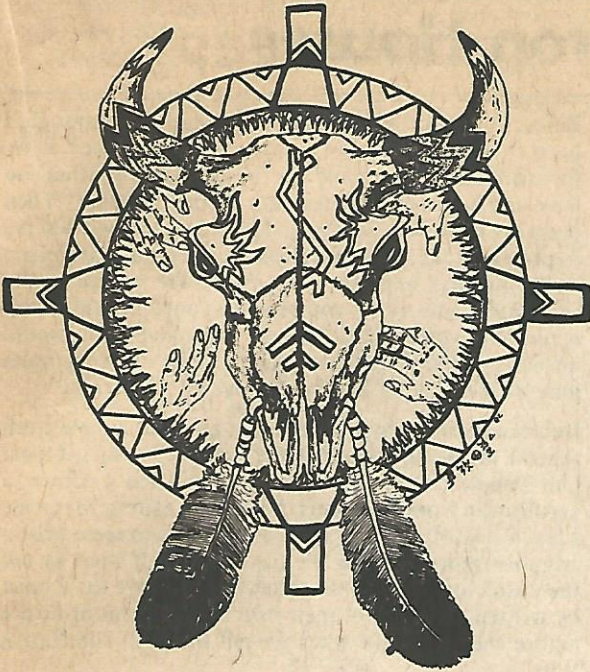
You should examine everything in your life, all the concepts and ideas which you hold to, and seek to understand why exactly you believe as you do. What influences are pushing you this way or that in favor of something such as nuclear energy. Becoming more aware is the beginning of knowledge to combat old dogmas or ignorances.

North Americans on the whole are not aware (often they don't give a hoot) of the war of Genocide supported by the Federal Government and run by the Multinational Corporations to gain physical control of Indian lands of America by murder. Americans are not aware that they themselves have been suckers and are being ripped off. In time their children will have to pay the high price of Greed's destruction. Where is the truth? It's the conspiracy mass media which is owned by a few which decides the dissemination of what they interpret as valid News Information.

The truth of the continuing Indian Wars is never heard, while Americans sit back listening to the Jerry Falwells, drinking light beer and hoping they'll win the bet on the Super Bowl...this year, if there is a this year!

Might it be possible that their long silence is due to the unconscious fear of all past acts of Greed? They willingly rebel at the thought of having to leave the table at which they have long feasted over our dead one's bones; continuing to sup on the blood of our children today. They hear the beckoning of their own extinction, cry through the T.V.'s in their homes and realize that the dream of their doom has arrived. Yet, they reject facing the truth, and seeking honest solutions in order to continue Greed's flippant insanity. Truth is what the Wasi'chu has played at but have never practised as human beings. This attitude is not only found here in North America but is present all over the world. It is not unique. Truth certainly hasn't been practised in any courts of law, nor is it to be found in any treaties made with Sovereign Indian nations such as the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty which the Wasi'chu will honor sooner than they imagine.





White society views Indian People as something less than crap. I mean you have to understand racism. I didn't say all white people share this view, but if it offends you, if the shoe fits, wear it. After all, isn't this the land of the truly free? Don't blame Indian Peoples for resisting you. The European culture was forced by violent acts upon us through religion, education and a gross economic system of Genocide which today is still in full use. The amount of land which Indian people were forced to live on, termed reservations, today have the natural resources that the Greeds are willing to destroy in order to achieve total global supremacy, not only over human beings but over nature itself.

I don't struggle for the right of Nationhood of Sovereignty of any Indian Nation. I acknowledge it. The difference is in the distinction of the concept. I struggle for my people, the Catawba Tribe, for our survival, and for the survival of all other Indian Peoples. . . North, East, South and West. I strive to teach awareness of the horror we face on this planet. Let's not be naive about the past or present facts. The USA did, and still acknowledges Indian Peoples but only for their benefit. They signed treaties with many Peoples and from others they simply stole their lands and relocated tribes in order to void claims upon lands.

I speak from a very deep spring in my heart. Tears have quenched my thirst for truth and understanding. I walked, and was totally taught from birth as the Wasi'chu is taught. Not that my family didn't teach me to be

sensitive to Mother Earth, but rather in relating to other people and situations in general, Greeds' school don't teach the essence of being a Human Being. Some people will say that "Indians were treated wrong." Others will say "Goddamn heathen Indians only need a bath and hair cut." In reality we are a very clean people. Our hair is an intricate part of our spiritual beliefs, contrary to Greed's culture which believed a bath once a month and some sheep shears would do.

Look around and see how they, the Wasi'chu, manipulate the people of this land with totally mass confusion in order to direct their thoughts and feelings from the truth to that of making them feel weak. It is the same spirit which forged a sword with the characters printed on it; greed, lies, murder and destruction. In today's terms and tactics, discrediting dissenters, assassination of foreign and domestic leaders, illegal tapping of telephones, interception of mail, infiltration and disruption of domestic groups, false information — this tool has proved to be a very effective weapon — and justified murder. **Manifest Destiny** was conjured up and it led to the murder of our people in the past and it hasn't changed one bit.

So what has all this to do with us? Well, for one thing, the Genocide of our Peoples will be stopped! the cultural destruction will be stopped! the rape of our Mother will be stopped! Tomorrow may be too late. . . as the words of a friend of mine say;

"There are all sorts of possibilities, most of them so gruesome that we hardly dare think of them. Perhaps the most abhorrent is when men, so to speak, cease to look upon each other as members of the same species, regarding others instead as apes, gooks, pigs, or what have you. Political satire is replete with representations of the enemy in animal guise — as a crocodile, a spider, a vulture, and so forth. Besides being unfair to the animals in question (which are really wonderful and fascinating), this breeds the sort of alien-species reaction that is conducive to such outrages.

"Such cataclysmic possibilities darken the perspective of our immediate future and, in going, may exterminate life on this globe. Still, there must be other ways, and indeed we already have the scientific know-how to solve the problems. The question is a political one of how to work it out in practice without resorting to the once-and-for-all type of final solution: the **endultige Losung**."

(Not From The Apes: A History of Man's Origins and Evolution by Bjorn Kurten, University of Helsinki, Finland)

Let us walk in Truth. Let Truth be our balance in this struggle for our Survival. Let Truth bind us as the Pinon Tree is bound with the rocky soil of our Mother Earth.

In the Spirit of my little winged brother Sparrow

Ches-ne-o-na-eh



# Spirit in the Iron Houses

Before the Bull Dozer is censored out of existence, I figure I'd better speak a few lines. I used to write quite often, usually to Native oriented newspapers, but there always seems to be other articles of higher priority than mine and they never seemed to get printed. It would seem that when there are higher priority items that at least an editor could hold mine for another time. But that never seems to work either for some reason or another. Perhaps, I'm just not a very good writer or some folks just don't want to print **the truth** for fear they'd get censored out of existence.

I've never seen anything in writing by any prison right's group, or Native American organization newspaper that has had anything to do with the practice and expression of spiritual beliefs. Of all the things that I could be writing about, this is the topic that I choose here on the day of "mine and my people's oppressor's independence day celebrations." Personally, I fast on days such as these, all of them, since whatever patriotism I once harboured has long since evaporated along with several hundred Broken Treaties and Phantom-like Human and Civil Rights talk, promises, rules, regulations, laws, etc. that haven't really been broken — just never implemented.

PL 95-341 (An Act of 1978) the "Freedom of Religion" Act for Native Americans hasn't been implemented either. Must be that an anthropologist advised them, the congress, that Natives still have to get some "religion". So somehow they must get that one word, religion, in "The Act" one place or another. Just so happens that there is no such word in any Native language such as "religion" but since we are stuck with the word, I guess we'll have to use it. I prefer to refer to The Act as "The Freedom of Expression and Practice of Spiritual Beliefs of Native Americans." This would more closely resemble **what we mean** when they say religion.

In any case, in the federal prison system, the whole thing amounts to just one more "broken treaty or promise." Granted, in some institutions there are a few liberal minded folks from whom it is possible to pry a few concessions out of if one has a few years to hang in there to see a project through to the end. Usually though, he's transferred out to another joint or sent on a long bus ride. In spite of that, some places do have a Sweat Lodge, are allowed to have The Sacred Pipe and a Drum. In many cases this is quite enough and many would be satisfied. The problem is that these liberties are granted at the whim of the administration concerned and more likely than not you find that there is nothing, I repeat, nothing in writing that would allow for the above mentioned items to remain in this environment once those of us who acquired them have gone on to their rewards or whatever. Herein lies the gist of what I want people to read about! Getting the bureaucrats to commit "white tape", bureaucratic, administrative policy, rules and regulations — to paper.

Before I can do the rest of my writing justice though, I must first set the stage in another area of concern. Sure, there are those who would say "be satisfied with what you have and hope (or pray) for better things to come." Then there are those who say, "you damned skins don't deserve to practice your spiritual beliefs in places like that (prison environments) anyway." Or, "if you're so spiritually orientated, why didn't you practice your spiritual beliefs while you were on the outside and maybe you would never be in there in the first place." These three examples may or may not be the truth as we or they see it.

But, the reason why I say them at all is the simple truth that we are going to need all the support we can get from Our People on the outside especially when it comes to verification from the Elders, Spiritual Leaders, Medicine Men, Road Men; about what we propose to these prison administrators as being the truth or not. If what we tell them isn't in The Bible then they don't believe us. It must be written or a part of their own past, present or future before they'll believe what we tell them of The Native Way.

Now then, back to the three examples: certainly, it is nice to be able to join in The Circle of a Pipe Ceremony, or a Sweat-Pipe ceremony and to Sing Around the Drum. If that's all there was to it, anyone would be satisfied, including myself. But there is more, much more of which I'll get to later. What I learned from My Elders about the practice and expression of our spiritual beliefs is that the Whole of Our Mother Earth is Sacred. Our Mother Earth, wherever we may be, is Sacred, even Our Mother Earth in these Federal Reservations called prisons. I see from my cage: the same Winged Creatures, even the Eagle after some of our Sweat Lodge Ceremonies; I see the same Four Legged, I see the Creatures that creep and crawl, I see the Grasses and other Green Things of our Mother Earth, I see the same trees that can be seen from out there; I see the same GrandFather Sun and GrandMother Moon that can be seen from any place on the outside. I hear, see and feel the same Four Winds from the same Four Directions as are ever present in the Free World.

The same Spirit Powers rise from the Heated Rocks and the Cold Water. The smoke from our Pipes rise to the same Great Spirit Creator as rises from the Sacred Pipe Ceremonies and Sweat Lodge ceremonies on "other federal reservations" all over Our Mother Earth on this Western Hemisphere. Most importantly, I, and all of my brothers and sisters in these federal reservation concentration camps are still the Red Children of Our Grand-Father Creator wherever we are; we are still on Sacred Ground, the Sacred Ground and Alter of Our Mother Earth. So, I say this, "Are these not just a few of the Simple Basic Truths of Our Grandfathers before us?"





Most certainly, many of us would not be in places like this if we had walked the Red Road while we were on the outside. But are we not all weak and lose sight of the Red Road at times? Do we not abuse our bodies, our minds, our emotions with chemicals and alter our actions with booze as we try to adjust to an alien society. Can all of us grow enough to be leaders by example? Obviously not, for all too many of us wind up in these foreign snakepits for more reasons than those spoken of here. Many of us are here for no more than our contribution to "The Struggles of Our Peoples — Natives Peoples" out there. So it follows then that we are surely not out of place requesting all the assistance we can get in furthering the cause of "Freedom of Expression and Practice of Our Spiritual Beliefs" or the Native (Indian) way.

With all of that, now I can get to some of the "other truths" about how it is with us in here that try to further the cause of bringing back all of those Freedoms we enjoyed prior to the Wounded Knee of 1890. The way it is in here and in all of the other places like this, one would think it is still 1890!

As I stated earlier, in 1978, congress — in their benevolent zeal to see Natives enjoy some sort of "religion", decided that at least we could go back to enjoying our own ways of expressing our spiritual beliefs and they enacted PL 35-341. Now, if we as Natives take and couple this "Act" with the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States; then we really have something we can sink our teeth into. So now we are not



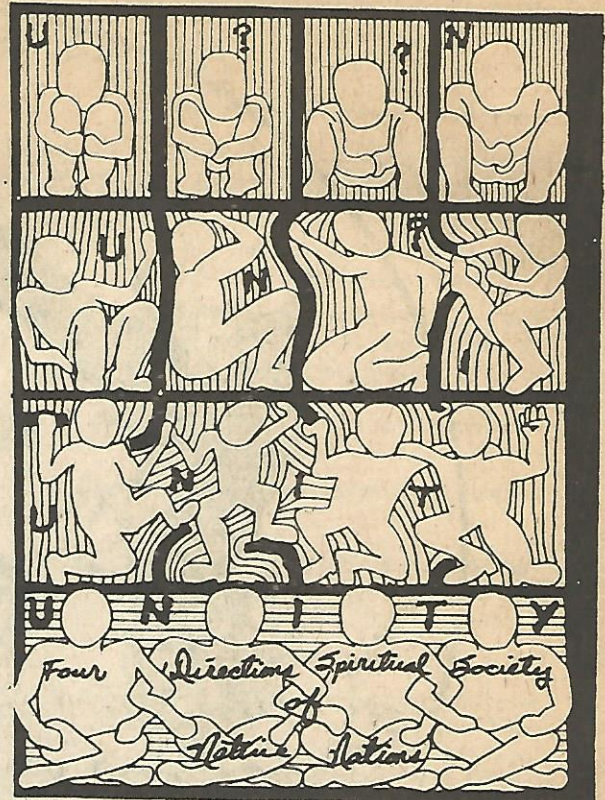
only stuck with the word, but also their very own cherished law pertaining to the Freedom of "Religion" The only chore remaining then is to force them to live up to their very own laws, rules, regs., and promises by making them implement those laws.

**No Compromise** is another phrase that is tough to define. Being that the traditional Spiritual and Cultural basics are similar doesn't mean that the actual practice is the same. Many times it depends on which Native is doing the explaining just as much as it is which white bureaucrat is doing the interpreting. Then there's always the question of "How much is enough?" Well, that would depend on where you are. Some or most places have nothing at all save a few John Wayne stereotype versions of what "Indian Is", and others have struggled to gain a few of the more recognizable basic needs such as The Pipe, the Drum and the Sweat Lodge. Even then we get back to "How much is enough?" when we speak of Traditional Spiritual Ceremonies or Celebrations conducted in a No Compromise manner.

As it stands right now, as stated earlier, there are no policies well defined enough for Natives in prison to definitely state that "yes, we are allowed to practice our spiritual beliefs in a No Compromise manner." What federal bureau of prison policy does state is that "Natives will get no more or no less than that allowed to other groups, organizations and established religious criterion." That simply means that Natives can have only what all these other groups are eligible for in the way of what few basic freedoms that are defined in administrative policy. In other words, if any Native Spiritual Group wishes to hold a ceremony of one kind or another, the group must always keep in mind what all these other groups are allowed to have. On the other hand, many other religious groups are allowed to practice their beliefs to the fullest extent because "it is written" in the Bible or in similar books. Native tradition does not have a book of any kind "where it is written." So we have problems in relating or getting our demands recognized.

Here it is necessary to make a few comparisons and at the same time try not to show any disrespect for the many spiritual groups we must make comparisons with. Let's start out with "Traditional Foods" for instance and Religious holidays or days of celebration such as a Traditional Feast or any one of several Seasonal Celebrations of Thanksgiving so common to all Native Nations: The Spring Planting, the First Hunt, the First Fish, the Harvest, the Potlatch or GiveAway and so many others. How do you explain what these mean when you are forced to compare them with the celebrations of other religions?

How does a Native compare the Annual Banquet of the Jaycees or of Toastmasters International with the Traditional Feast? When these kind of groups are asked why they want hamburgers and hotdogs and potato chips for dinner, that's pretty simple to explain because that's traditional. But, when they ask Natives why they must have natural foods, Venison — taken from the Earth



Mother in the time honoured tradition and prepared in the proper manner, or fish, or fry bread. It makes no difference what it is we ask for, the answer is Why? Why **What?** This is just the way of our people. They can't accept that, for it isn't "written".

All groups are restricted to not more than a hundred people attending any type of function or celebration. That is not so hard to understand when space, security and orderly running of the institution are known to be the main consideration. But, when the latter is not the case, then why can't a Native Spiritual group enjoy the visit of their Extended Family for instance. That is the way of our people, but it is not written. We know we can't have a three or four day celebration as is the way of our people so we ask for eight or ten to twelve hours as a compromise but we can't justify it simply because it is not written. These are just several of the everyday examples we are faced with in trying to practice our spiritual beliefs behind the wall.

They say we can't have a Deer, a Porcupine or a Fish because it does not have a "U.S. Government Inspected" stamp slapped on the side of it somewhere. Now, whoever saw a deer running around with one of those on it? They say we can't have Fry Bread or Corn Soup or Buffalo because none of these are served in the main dining room to the rest of the population. The rationale for that is this would mean preparing a special meal for the special



group, a Native Spiritual group. Yet, Jaycees, Toastmasters, and other religious groups gain these concessions all the time. If someone wants Beef Steaks for a banquet, sure, that's easy, we'll just feed the whole population beef steak on the day of your banquet. But not for Natives. Nope, choose beans and franks or beef stew.

A few other comparisons of interest concerns Traditional Foods in the Jewish Community whereby they are allowed their traditional Kosher style foods probably due to the fact that "it is written". Then there's another spiritual group that observes a celebration known as Ramadan that lasts for forty days during which they are allowed special foods and diets. Backtracking a step or two, I must add that the Jewish food requirements last 365 days a year with an extra day on Leap Year, I imagine, but in either case, somewhere, somehow, someone saw to it that "it was written." If "it is written" then it appears to be alright so I guess us skins are going to have to dig up some of that anthropological writing from someplace unless some of our Elders out there or some of Our Spiritual Leaders and Medicine Men can convince these folks that Natives have never placed any of our Spiritual Beliefs in writing and that all of these are just the Natural Ways of Our Peoples according to Tradition, to Culture, to Heritage, to Spiritual Belief or "Religion".

Then they cry about our Eagle Feathers, our beads, our headbands, our drum sticks, our medicine bags, our Pipes, our Sweet Grass, our Sage, our Cedar, our Tobacco and Tobacco ties, even the string used to make the ties with we might use to hang ourselves with. Yet everyone knows that there are other religious groups who regularly use their crucifix, the cross, the wafers, the wine, the icons, the silver chalice, the sacred ribbons, the robes, the hymnals, the incense, the bells, the kufi, the skull cap and scores of other accoutrements to assist them in communicating with the same Great Spirit Creator-Grandfather that we all wish to communicate with. The only difference is that for all of that written above, "it is written" in one book or another that the keepers can pick up in any hotel or motel room and check it out himself. I've even found alot of "these books" in the trash can around here.

For the Native though, "it is **not** written". We must tell them. Problem is when one is in prison he is nothing more than a cheap, common criminal who would lie to get a point across or steal, or cheat, do anything to gain his own ends. In this case, to gain the Freedoms to Practice and Express Our Spiritual Beliefs in Our Own Way of All Those gone before us in a Traditional a manner as possible as taught us by our Spiritual Leaders.

Now that we have a few of the comparisons, a few of the gains etc., it is time to examine another aspect of this presentation. Aside from the stereotyped image our administrators have of us as heathen or pagan-assed savages dancing around a fire or encircling a wagon train, screaming and hollering as we beat our Drums, the rest of

their attitudes about us stem from nothing else but sheer stupidity and ignorance plus the determination of not wanting to learn or understand anything about what it is we are after. This is all probably due to the fact that for them there is "only one way" and that way "is written" so that they can understand why there are 2,000 different ways in their religions since the cruxifixion 2,000 years ago.

In 1978 when Jimmy Carter signed an "Act" PL 95-341 into Law, he also called for a study to be done and returned to him within one year or August of 1979. When Jimmy was told in 1979 that the study was not yet complete, he gave them an extension of one more year or until August of 1980. I have kept an eagle eye out for the results of this study, but so far, nothing. No study. If it's out there someplace, someone has it pretty well hidden. I wrote to a lobbyist, Native Affairs for FCNL, in the Halls of Congress in Washington, D.C. who told me he would look into it and keep anything pertaining to this law in mind. So far, nothing from him either.

Just the same as there are no results of "a study or report" that is supposed to be turned in by the federal bureau of prisons under the office of the chaplaincy, directed by one Fr. Hoolihan, also of the FBP in Washington, DC — Nothing! So, the administrators are free to interpret PL 95-341 however they wish without fear of interference from their bosses of the layers of bureaucracy and White-tape that it takes to eventually reach the bosses that really count, namely: Fr. Hoolihan and the director, Norm Carlson. Meanwhile, each Warden is "the boss" in his own territory.







In the federal joints at Lewisburg, PA, Springfield, MO, Leavenworth, KS, or Oxford, WI, they're all the same. They allow you to have just enough to let you think you've accomplished something. But, it's never on paper. No! they won't commit themselves to paper or policy that would give us something concrete to "pass onto those who will be coming after us." That is Our Charge. At least that is what I am after and try to teach those of my peers who are willing to listen that this is our charge, a charge laid down to us by Our Elders, and that is "to provide for those to come after us — the Unborn," all of those whom we are certain will succeed us in these places because we know that this is the way of the system to place Our People in Bondage and prison and keep them there should they dare speak up or disagree with this system.

So we know, I know that there will always be brothers and sisters who will be able to use whatever we today may be able to gain for them and see to it that "it is written" in the administrative policy, rules and regulations of the federal agencies referred to in PL 95-341.

Those of us inside or behind the walls know full well that there are numerous celebrations that we can't have in a "No Compromise" attitude. What we do want, expect to get, even demand is to fully express and practice all of those celebrations and ceremonies that it is possible to practice in the Traditional manner of Our Native Ways as taught to us by our Elders, Spiritual leaders and Medicine Men.

A few of these celebrations and ceremonies might include those like the Traditional Pow-Wow or the Traditional Feast where it is entirely possible and without a great deal

of inconvenience to our keepers to allow these things in the similar manner to those allowed other spiritual and non-spiritual groups.

We cannot simply call our present "annual banquet" a "Traditional Feast" because very simply there is nothing very traditional about them except what we are able to imagine or wish into them. Did you know for instance that the administrators won't allow the tradition of potluck whereby our visitors and guests bring prepared Traditional Foods with them? It's true. Perhaps that is not so hard to understand, for one may have objectionable forms of plant life cooked into those "traditionally prepared foods", huh? Well, not if they are truly traditional, it wouldn't be hard to understand — would it? Anyway, in order to accomplish this feat, foods for a Traditional Feast would have to be prepared days ahead of time in order for them to be brought into the institution, tasted, inspected, analysed and finally okayed for consumption. Meanwhile, this would mean that those who prepared these foods would have to arrive two or three days ahead of the scheduled celebration or ceremony and wait outside the agency or institutional grounds for this "sacrilege" to be performed."

I can see this as amounting to the same thing as having one's medicine bag peered into and desecrated which is the reason most of us won't have a medicine bag in the first place. But for the food problem, it is easy to see how it would be impossible to have Traditional Foods brought in the traditional potluck fashion because first off, no one has that great amount of time nor the funds to accomplish such a feat. Besides, they, the administrators, wouldn't be able to see the U.S. Government Inspected stamp in purple ink on the side of our Traditional Food, now, would they? I wonder if they listen to confession, or sip the wine, or inspect the wafers?

Native gatherings, whether they be celebrations of a Seasonal nature or of Thanksgiving, Invocation, Spiritual or whatever have always included the greatest number of Native People affected by that celebration or ceremony as possible. Not here though or in any place like it. You are allowed only X number of guests or visitors and that is it; Freedom of Religion notwithstanding. Extended family is a completely alien life form to these folks whereas to us they are Our Mothers, Fathers, Aunts, Uncles, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, Nephews, Tribes, Bands, Clans, and especially "The Women". The Women, the Centre of All Things in the Native Way have the hardest time getting into visit with their brothers and sisters in these places.

All of these things that I have mentioned here would in no way impose on the present structure of these environments. Indeed! all or many of the other groups I've mentioned take these things as their just dues for the most case because "it is written" for them just like any other "How To" book.

We don't ask for donations of time, labor or money in



these things. Nor do we ask for any great intervention. For the most part, all we ask is **understanding** of what it is that we are after and how we are forced to go about getting them.

Of course we can use some help and assistance in many ways if our people on the outside have the time and funds necessary to join in this struggle for the freedoms of the First Amendment and PL 95-341. But, it is also a struggle that we can do much about on our own and this we will continue to do.

The struggle for Human and Civil Rights in this country are continually overshadowed (purposely) by the media focus on the struggle for human and civil rights over the rest of the world in order that the public will not be able to see all of the violations of these rights — right in their own backyards. It is common knowledge to see and hear the fat cat bureaucrats from the president of the U.S. right on down to the Secretaries and Ambassadors of the United Nations declare embargos and withholding of defense and humanitarian fundings to nations all over the world

that supposedly violate the civil and human rights of their citizens. But in the United States? Hell No! What the public can't see, know or hear about — they don't care about. So, The Struggle Goes On and will continue to go on until this country commits its own armageddon-suicide due to its own pollution of all kinds including the evil they perpetuate against all Native Nations of the Western Hemisphere and the poor of all other groups.

We have heard and know of the Spiritual Renaissance going on amongst all Native Nations and Native Young especially. Well, that same renaissance is going on in here too and we want that renaissance to remain in the most basically Traditional Manner as possible. This is what we struggle for, this is what we shall win for those to come after us. This is our charge laid down to us, that we know of the teachings of Our Elders down through the generations in the age old manner, by word of mouth.

This particular narrative is so lengthy because this writer is basing all of this on extensive experience in several institutions throughout the federal system and can say that right here, right now, in this place, Natives certainly enjoy a few more freedoms with somewhat less restriction than is allowed in several other places I've been and am still involved with. So what is said here enjoys a certain amount of credibility based on first hand experience or on reliable sources — others who have just arrived here from other places.

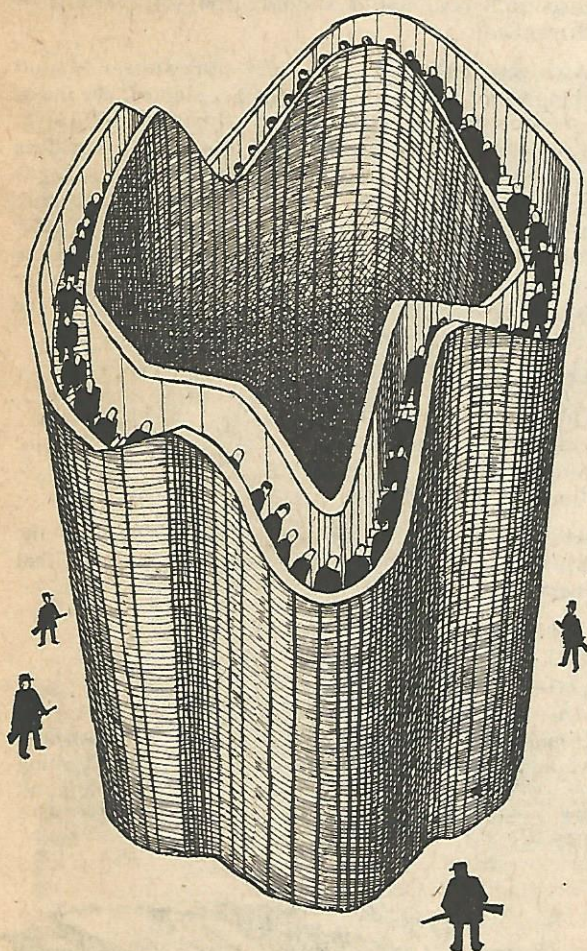
This brings me to the end of my presentation. I realize that there is much redundancy, but this is also the way of our people for there are those who would like to see this message and most of all, be able to understand it. Therefore, I hope that I have not used too many of those twenty-two dollar words and have laid out enough information so that one may be able to gain some insight into what it is I'm trying to say.

As I stated earlier, it's all been said before and sent out to other forms of media and never been seen in print anywhere that I or anyone else knows of. So, I have taken that one other opportunity to say the whole thing over again to send to the Bulldozer in the hopes that it will be seen in print, even though the story may be altogether too long. But, how do you shorten a story like this one? Aho!

Incidentally, this writer is the organizer of the Spiritual group at Lewisburg, PA federal penitentiary and reorganizer at Springfield, MO medical facility for federal prisoners, and is presently the Historian, past Chairman of the Spiritual group at the federal correction institution, Oxford, WI, now known as the Four Directions Spiritual Society of Native Nations. However, for the purposes of this narrative, I am speaking strictly for myself and no one else unless they want to write in to the Bulldozer to endorse what it is that I have to say. Of course, this is also an invitation to write in your disagreements as well as endorsements.

In Spirit, In Struggle

J. BrownBear Mallott





# Who is Brownbear?

He is Jay Mallott II and a Tlingit Indian, a Dry Bay Thunderbird of the Eagle Clan from Yakutat, Alaska, where he spent his youth and numerous other seasons. Mallott was born in 1931 and the "BrownBear" is part of his Tlingit name given to him at birth. Brownbear was adopted out and relocated to Juneau at the young age of 7 and on to the lower 48 at the young age of 11. This is to us nothing but Genocide. While in the lower 48 the BrownBear attended a number of Indian Schools - Chemawa and Stewart in WV, Mt. Edgeumbe plus several public schools. BrownBear received his GED while serving in the submarine corps of the U.S. Navy. Since the age of 16, BrownBear has been back to Yakutat for the seasonal salmon harvest and Naknek in Bristol Bay. BrownBear also took courses at the University of California at Berkeley in Community Organization and Native American History.

BrownBear was active in the Native American Community's affairs. In the early 50's in California and Washington State BrownBear was quite vocal on Native Political issues and spoke on many occasions on behalf of his Native American People and many native organizations. He belonged to Alaska Native Brothers, Alaska Federation of Natives, Kinatchitapi, WA State Governor's Indian Advisory, Seattle Indian Health Board, Seattle Indian Services Commission, just to mention a few. Because of his political views and actions, the BrownBear is now serving 30 years of his life in prison for a crime he did not commit. On May 6, 1976, a young female native child was found to have been molested in the home of her mother, where the BrownBear was an overnight guest at a party the night before with other guests.

We find in the Anchorage Times, of Wednesday, February 10, 1982, page A-13 in the Letters to the Editor section, in two different letters, the same Judge that sentenced BrownBear to his 30 years in prison for the crime he did not commit, Judge Ralph Moody on Friday, January 29, a man convicted of sexually assaulting (abusing) three 7-year old girls was sentenced to five years in prison, suspended down to 4-1/2 years with condition that he remain on probation for the full five years and receive mental health counselling. In the other letter, it states that Judge Ralph Moody a man who let a guilty child molester serve only six months in jail so that again he can be free to go out and ruin the lives of more innocent little girls and the above two people that were involved in the letters that did the molesting of the little girls were upper class white folks, the class that Judge Ralph Moody has tea with.

The BrownBear was sentenced for the rape of a little girl because he was a Native American Activist, fighting for his native people's birthrights and for the people that he loves. The U.S. Government Court system is using J.

BrownBear Mallott as an example for any other Native Alaskan Activist that may get in the way of the Alaskan Government. We know in our hearts the people of the Free J. BrownBear Mallott Support Group, that a married man, a father of 11 children, did not do the molesting of this little girl on May 6, 1976. We also know that the government wants BrownBear out of the picture and wants him to lose all credibility with the BrownBear Native people from Alaska. BrownBear is a State of Alaska prisoner and the State of Alaska is using the taxpayer's money to keep him in the Federal Prison system some 2,000 miles away from his loved ones just to try to break his spirit. BrownBear has petitioned the Governor of the State of Alaska for a full pardon. You can help him by writing letters to the Governor of Alaska, letting him know that you have learned of the BrownBear case and you would support the full pardon of BrownBear.

Also you can help us, the Free J. BrownBear Mallott Support Group, by sending postage stamps, cheque or money order made payable to ACC 281-109533-6. The Free J. BrownBear Mallott Support Group does have a brochure put together but does not have the funds to have it printed. So, if you would like to learn more about the BrownBear, help us by sending funds in order for us to have the brochure printed. We also have BrownBear posters for \$1.00 each. This is just a letter regarding who BrownBear is. You should write to the address below to help BrownBear:

Letters for Full Pardon should go to:

Governor, State of Alaska  
Hon. Jay S. Hammond  
State Capitol — Pouch A  
Juneau, Alaska 99811

Also we would like people to write letters to the BrownBear to lift his spirits and to let him know that there are people out here that care to support him:

J. BrownBear Mallott 40736-133  
P.O. Box 1000  
Oxford, WI 53952

Donations should be sent to the Free J. BrownBear Mallott Support Group, c/o Art Woolsey, 7845 Fishing Creek Valley Road, Harrisburg, PA 17112. Make all cheques or money orders payable to ACCT. NO. 281-109533-6.





# Gary Butler Speaks

Greetings People who walk our Mother Earth with Respect, with Honour...as the way all Life is intended by our Creator:

To the West I sing my song of prayers to the Buffalo people that we are heard in a good way as we, all Brothers, all Sisters, send our strength in Solidarity in Prayer's as Political Prisoners, as Prisoners of War -- deep within the tombs of a lost Spirited confused people who have no identity to this land.

During the month of July, the men in the Native Brotherhood Club at Ken Maximum Security prison, Agassiz, B.C. made their commitment to do all they could to gain recognition of traditional Native religion -- the traditional Way of Life.

The prison has yet to acknowledge this Way of Life as anything more than a "program". The Native Brotherhood submitted a proposal to the Warden, which if honoured, would allow the Native men to pray with the Sacred Pipe, have in their possession Medicine pouches, Eagle feathers, and the Sacred Sweat Lodge ceremonies. The Warden turned down the proposal and instead said they approved their own proposal which included many restrictions. These included: Dino Butler, as a Pipe Carrier, would have to inform the program director 6 hours before he was going to take the Pipe Bundle out of his cell, which route he was going to be taking, and what the Pipe would be carried in. This proposal was a verbal one and the Warden would not show any one involved in Native Brotherhood anything written.

Action now includes a law suit which will make the courts of Canada acknowledge Native religions and also define what Freedom of Religion really is.

Spiritual persecution can only be described as to what is taking place in KKKanada ameriKKkan prisons. At Kent maximum security federal prison for over 4 months the battle continues with ignorant hypocrites, so that our natural human rights, our Way of Life as the Original peoples of this land be recognized. This Way of Life handed down through countless generations by our ancestors is currently being treated as a Program. We were told the Sacred Pipe could be with us out here in general population, but there were so many restrictions we could not accept. We were told it is illegal for Indian people to be in possession of eagle feathers -- our Prayer feathers. Our fight next will be heard in federal court to make it law that our inherent way of life be recognized. We demand our church -- the Sweat Lodge, also. All brothers in here stand together in one Spirit in resistance as this form of Genocide continues.

Thirty percent of the population are Native peoples. We are asking support from all peoples. Funding for this law suit or letters of support would be of great help. I feel that



**...IN THE SPIRIT OF TOTAL  
RESISTANCE...**

FREE ALL INDIGENOUS POLITICAL PRISONERS OF WAR!

FREE DINO & GARY BUTLER!

a great victory lies here for our people who sit in these human zoos.

I have been through this in provincial prison. I was welded in a cell. Me and my brother were completely isolated from all for 8 months. I was attacked, was threatened to be shot by guards because of the fight to have our Pipe Bundle, because of our fight against Spiritual persecution. I was paraded on display in irons for all to see, yet the victory was and is realistic.

I stand strong in our way of life. I travel with the blessings of my people, in respect, in honour as a Warrior, this will always be. I say to my people -- the enemies can beat me, can drug me, can lock me in complete isolation, can stick me in a hole in the ground for the next 3-1/2 years, but my Resistance will never change, not because I am some kind of super human being, but because of the love I have for my people and this Sacred Mother Earth. My body is entombed temporarily by the enemies, but I can close my eyes and always remain free in Spirit. I travel with the four winds -- Grandfathers breath of life.

In the Spirit of Total Resistance, I pray for the People,  
I pray for the enemy.

Gary Butler, P.O.W. 1696  
Box 2000  
Agassiz, B.C.



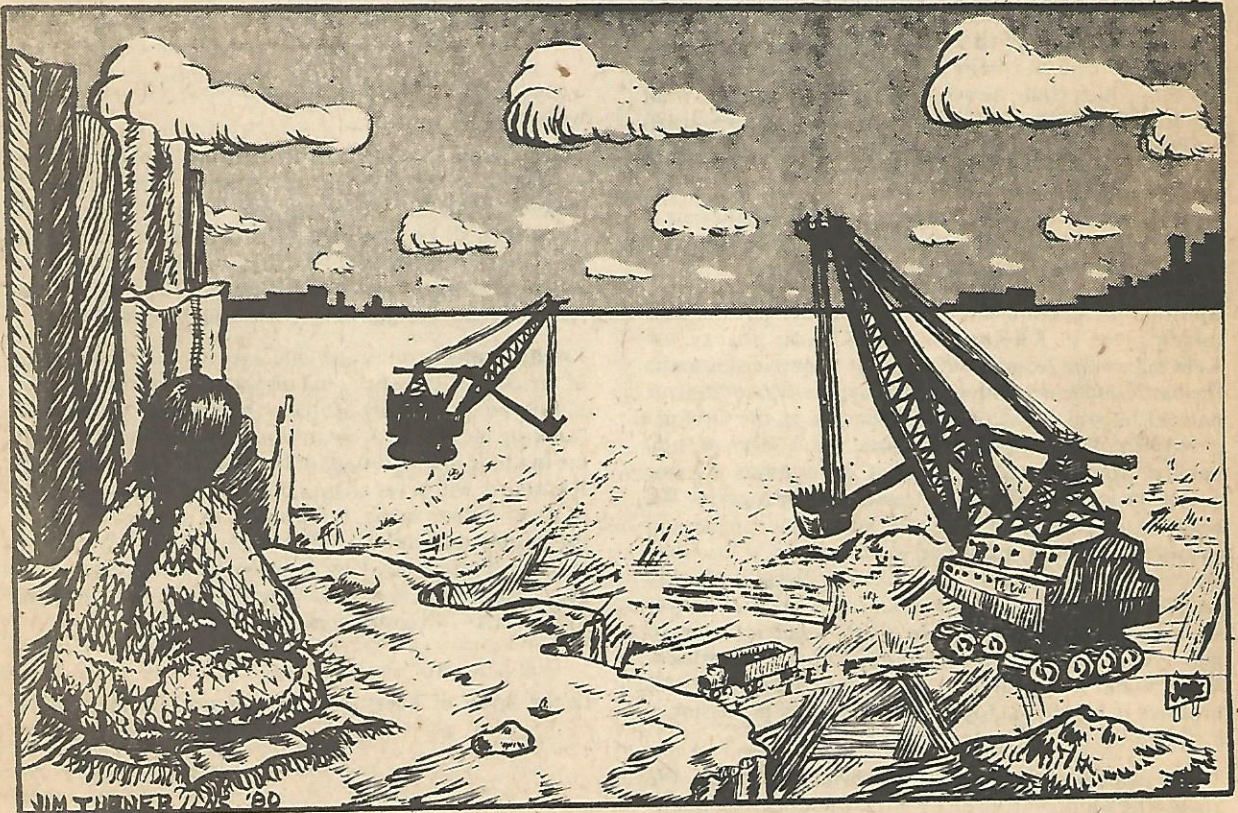
# Thunder in the Papa Sapa

The Father Skies here in Texas are very clear, the air is of sage and other plant peoples of the high plains of upper Texas, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and South Dakota and North Dakota...there is even a smell of pines from Saskatchewan and Manitoba Canada.

I wonder today what Raymond Yellow Thunder would be doing, yet our Brother Yellow Thunder is walking with the Clouds and Sleeping on the wind...Raymond happened to be the guest at an American Legion Hall one night, the Wasi'chu stripped him of his clothes and made him dance before the brave men and women. "Let's see how you damn Indians dance up there on that stinking reservation, you God damn Injun"...Raymond was a little frightened of the drunk and crazy white men, yet in his mind, in his very Being, Raymond's Spirit never lost hope, never really even thought about being scared of the Wasi'chu..."Say you!" "Let's see one of them war dances. I mean we want you to give them war yelps and all". That's nearly all Raymond remembered, he was taken by two men from the Hall and into the streets of Gordon, Nebraska.

About 12 miles southwest of Rapid City, S.D., then another four or so miles on an old not very used forest service road to Victoria Creek Canyon is a little camp which is known as Yellow Thunder. I've never been there, yet from the pictures and clippings I've read and radio interviews with the Peoples of the Camp, I feel as though I can feel the excitement of it, the same feeling I got working with my Dad on his ranch in the Four Corners area. I know what Yellow Camp is about, I understand it, and I have supported, even though my letters were returned to me saying Not Forwardable, or something to that nature. I have listened to Russell Means talk about it. And his brother Bill Means...I've read what the Sioux Elders have spoken on it, such as Chief Noble Red Man and Chief Holy Eagle...and many others.

I know that Yellow Thunder is our People's church, unlike the Wasi'chu, Mother Earth and Father Sky is our Spiritual place of of worship...it has been since before the Wasi'chu stumbled from their caves in Europe. I know that it is a Cultural Center, a place where our Traditions





may be taught, as they were not so long ago in the Paha Sapa . . . Black Hills as they are referred to in the white man's tongue. So April 4th, 1981 was the day a place named Yellow Thunder came into Being. It was a great day, for in the hearts of the People, an Old Song was beating out the rhythm of that Hope, to be able to pray and be in the place of our Grand Fathers, and most important to teach the ways to the young.

Since then with Grand Father Sun peeping over the ridge surrounding Yellow Thunder Camp, morning ceremonies and prayers have been offered to Wakan.

There have been papers filed in court, under the 1868 Treaty, and under the Indian Freedom of Religion Act of 1968, to let Yellow Thunder Camp be a place of Spiritual Traditional Indian Village.

Well again we are under attack by the Greeds. Sheriff Mel Larson said he would clear out the area of all Indians and any of their supporters that happened to be in the Black Hills. Even though a Federal Court Order exists, a Restraining Order to stop any trouble from the local police, Sheriff Larson is determined to be a hero for the Multinational Corporation Greeds. It is part of a larger plan to deny the Sovereign Lakota Nation their rights to Land which has been their Traditional Place for thousands of years.

Support is needed to help them, and I am asking for all to show support...food supplied, winter clothing, camping gear, and financial support is needed to assist them in this time of need. Listed below are two addresses which might be of help to you.

Dakota American Indian Movement  
Information Department  
Box 175  
Porcupine, South Dakota 57772  
(605) 342-6382

Yellow Thunder Camp  
P.O. Box 9188  
Rapid City, South Dakota, 57701

It is in the Spirit of Total Resistance that we must continue to build more Camps, so Yellow Thunder must stand as a sign to all that our Spirits are committed and strong in our Traditional Ways.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse  
Ches-ne-o-na-eh  
A.K.A. Claude Wilkerson #648  
Ellis Unit, G-15, 20-3,  
Huntsville, Texas  
77340 USA



On July 21, 1982 there was a shooting death on a ridge overlooking the Yellow Thunder Camp in the Black Hills of South Dakota. During the last few months the camp has been receiving threats as the level of racism toward Indians in South Dakota has once again escalated.

The facts surrounding the shooting are unknown. Attorney Bruce Ellison states that according to one version of the events, on July 21, the camp's wood-cutting crew spotted a man on a ridge overlooking the camp. Three men went to investigate. An argument allegedly ensued and the man, a local rancher, allegedly pulled a gun. The Indian men assert that as they wrestled with the man, the gun went off, killing the rancher. The man was driving a four-wheel-drive vehicle which purportedly contained a high-powered rifle with a scope, camouflage fatigues, flairs and a lot of ammunition. Camp informants say there have been vigilante groups forming recently among the local rangers. No charges were brought against anyone at the time of the shooting.

A grand jury is investigating the shooting and has issued 37 subpoenas to people connected with the Camp. Rod Lesholz, the state attorney who called the grand jury, is running for attorney general. Informants at the Yellow Thunder Camp say they think he is using the grand jury to investigate everyone in the Camp.

from Akwesasne Notes



# Reflections On My Past

Trans gender, from as far back as I can recollect.

I remember the love and tenderness... in over abundance, from my mother. Yet fate decreed that she should pass away from incurable cancer when I was two years old. Strange that one can recall this over so many years passed. I had a sister, twenty months older than I. Our love was extremely strong and in many ways, replaced the affection that I missed from my mother. My father was always busy; I rarely saw him. This inadvertently caused me to cling to my sister's side, more and more as time progressed.

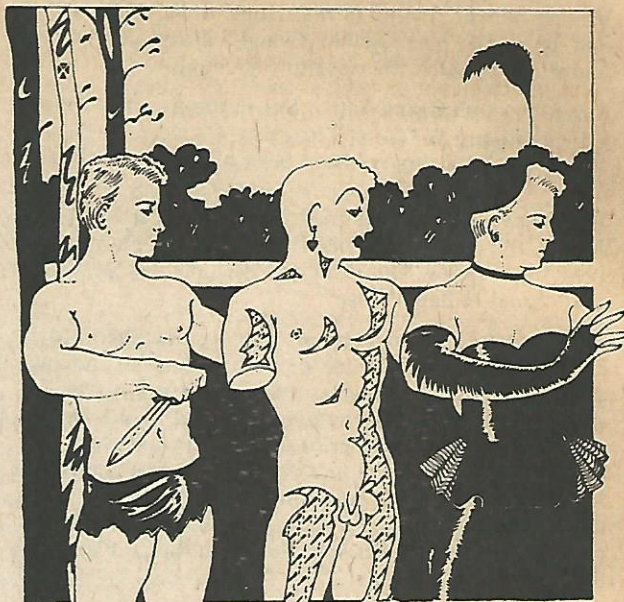
I had no desire, nor did I go out and play with the boys. My memory is still vivid of the feelings and thoughts I experienced when it came to talking and associating with boys. I was afraid; like I was so much different from them. For some reason I was not able to belong; never to be 'one of the boys'. Yet, I felt good and completely at ease with my sister and her friends. I felt cheated that I wasn't in fact a girl. At an early age, my sister pointed out the genital difference between us. I couldn't comprehend why I was so much like my sister and other girls, yet God had given me the wrong body. He was a God of love... why had He done this to me?

Hair cuts were another disaster. My father and the barber had their hands full in keeping me in the chair and getting my locks chopped off. I wanted long hair; the same as the other girls. The one thing that I could have physically wasn't even permitted.

It wasn't proper for little boys to have and play with dolls. So I resorted to my teddy bear. I made clothes for her and took her everywhere I went. My father remarried and my new mother disapproved of some of my actions. Especially the teddy bear and my habits with her. At the age of five I could sew quite well, so spent the hours making clothes for my bear and dressing her. After awhile I was made to leave my bear in the car when we went visiting. Sometimes I'd refuse; I'd be left in the car also. I was about seven when my bear disappeared. To say the least I was very hurt and upset. I kept the clothes I had made her tucked away neatly in my dresser — soon, they too disappeared.

Several times my mother made the statement that she was ashamed and embarrassed to have me with her in public. This due to my actions; not those of a little boy. Being put down became a way of life. A common occurrence. I chose to stay home alone.... I was terribly confused. It didn't seem right, the things I wanted to do, I wasn't allowed. All I wanted to be was myself.

I wanted no part of boys, yet my mother would order me to go out and play with them. I would hide between the two garages out back or under the house. Usually I was allowed back inside in an hour or so.



School, such a dreaded institution! I still avoided boys and school was full of them. I was literally dragged to school... soon the constant strappings became unbearable. I gave in. I stuck as close to my sister as possible, but often her friends didn't want me around either. To the boys, I was a sissy; even the girls gave me questioning looks. I felt so different, even strange! Perhaps I was one of a kind; there certainly didn't seem to be anyone else like me around. My young mind couldn't fathom why I, born a male, enjoyed the company of girls more than boys. Even to the point of wishing that I was female in body. I was required to take compulsory physical education. I was too shy to undress with other boys, I'd wait until they were through and subsequently be late for class. And again with dressing after; I'd be late for the next class. I took to hiding as I had done in prior years. They came looking for me and the first time they found me in a locker. I was made to do extra exercises as punishment. I was punished a great deal. This caused me to become more and more upset as I felt that the repetitious reprimands were unfair and unjust. I cried a lot.

The boys would physically and verbally abuse me for the most part. When they hit me, I'd cover my face; they'd throw rocks... I'd run. I would go to my father in tears and he'd turn me away saying, "You big baby!" My mother would hold me awhile and try to calm me. It was so brief; it didn't seem real to me. I was taken to Sunday School and couldn't fit in there. Somehow I was enrolled in the Boy Cubs. As sissy of the pack I was humiliated all the more. I tried to fit in, in school. During physical education I attempted to play softball, soccer, tumbling,



etc. It was to no avail. All I got was more laughing and name calling. I can still recollect the chant of the boys: "sissy, sissy, look at the sissy!"

At home I enjoyed staying indoors with my sister and mother. I'd help with the washing, ironing, dishes, cooking, etc. This I enjoyed and am proud that I am an excellent seamstress, can cook, bake, iron, clean house and all. If not better, I can at least do those chores as well as any other woman. My mother would chase me out of the kitchen a lot, but finally gave in and allowed me to stay.

School was the biggest problem, especially physical education. Again I resorted to escape... I played hookie often. Boredom and loneliness set in. What was I to do? I began to shoplift from the stores and break into the neighborhood houses. On my own I'd venture to Stanley Park quite often. I felt genuinely at ease with the animals at the zoo. The peace I felt with the animals was perhaps due to the fact that they too were trapped from what was naturally normal to them. Playing hookie, coupled with my loneliness and confusion, caused me more tears.

I was starting to become very anti-social. My parents never had much to say; not of any significance anyhow. It seemed that all they did was push their line of thinking on me. When I told them that I didn't like the company of boys, they wouldn't encourage me to talk about it. Deep inside I desperately wanted to discuss it. I felt that I was right; that I was normal. I couldn't force myself to initiate the conversations; it seemed that they didn't care. I started to feel like talking with strangers. So there were a few times that I ventured to other people's houses claiming that I was hungry and my parents wouldn't feed me. I cannot recall why I did this. It was a blatant lie. Loneliness, I suppose.

At about eight or nine years of age I became interested in girls' clothes. I'd sneak into my sister's and mother's dressers when I was left alone. Once there I'd try on various clothes to see how I looked. I felt good, but sensed that I was doing wrong. I consoled myself by wearing my sister's panties under my pajamas while I slept at night. I thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of satin, silk and lace against my skin. I still do. All things that are so feminine, so sensuous; they all excite me. Fluffy sweaters, dangling earrings and perfume, all intensified the feminine desire. My mother was forever scolding me for using her bath oil and powder puff. Once she even caught me trying on her lipstick. My mother had a beautiful blue satin and lace housecoat that she usually left hanging up in the bathroom. Every time I bathed, I put it on. I loved the cool, smooth feeling of the material against my skin.

My mother began to lock me in my bedroom a lot. Dear sister would sneak in to keep me company, but my mother didn't consider this to be adequate punishment. Actually, neither did I. But my sister was always protective; we talked a great deal and got along as two sisters. We shared the same bedroom until I was 9 years old. This in itself could have contributed to my habits and

likings. I always desired to be just like her. She was the only one who never outwardly questioned my actions.

My father never had much to say to me that I can remember. There was the once that he said I was a disgrace to the family, that I'd better start acting like a man. I took serious offence to this... but remained quiet. My father was not a man to argue with. Between the hassles at home and at school I became overly depressed. It ended with me locking myself in the bathroom and slashing my wrists; not very badly though. When I refused to open the door, my father busted it down. Things continued generally the same for awhile except that I stayed away from school all the more.

I was placed in a foster home which I hated. It seemed to be such an unjust thing for my parents to do. I ran away and came back to my parents. They in turn took me back to the foster home and I rapidly ran away again.

I was placed in Brannan Lake, a juvenile home. (A type of jail.) Here I had more problems than ever before. I was very vulnerable to sexual demands and gang rapes. Being forced to shower with the others caused more humiliation. As if that weren't enough, I was forced to swim in the nude like everyone else. But I wasn't the same as the rest, so I refused. Their answer to this was that I should be punished... to serve time in the hole. After I got out of the hole I started to go along with it; it was so degrading. I'd try to maneuver to get in the pool first and get out first. This on a dead run. While in the pool I'd try to stay in a corner, alone; away from everyone else. This did not last long and I was ordered to participate. I refused and was returned to the hole.

I talked to psychiatrists and psychologists about my differences. The outcome was that I was permitted to wear swimming trunks. It helped some but did not alleviate all my problems.

I was still bullied by others. It was suggested by someone that I be put in the ring with boxing gloves on. Perhaps lessons in fighting would aid my apparent cowardice. I wouldn't hit back, just cover my head. I was put in the ring about a dozen times and each session would last possibly ten minutes. For that duration, all I was was a human punching bag. If I tried to run, I would be dragged back by staff. After each session I was taken to the hospital to be patched up. My nose was broken twice and my eyes and face lacerated many times. This disturbed me emotionally as I was very particular about my looks and skin care. I escaped many times, only to be returned. I started refusing everything and spent the majority of my time in isolation. I was in and out of Brannan Lake three times from 1959 until 1963. Each time out I encountered the same old problems: home, school and getting into minor trouble with the law.

In 1962 I started visiting the old lady across the alley from my parents' house. She accepted me with open arms; always invited me in for cookies and milk. Sometimes I would just sit in her kitchen and watch her cook and bake. I felt so relaxed in that house, often I wouldn't even



go home for my meals. My mother knew where I was; she didn't approve. I was dragged home on numerous occasions. The woman's son and his friend were "junkies", they were both the same age as my father. There was one consistent feature at her house: everyone who lived or came there... liked me. I often thought of this, it had me puzzled. This was the first time in my life that any group of people accepted me for who I was. To be like them... I wanted this very badly. This new found acceptance — I couldn't lose it. Their bag was heroin. I'd continually ask to try it, although I didn't know the first thing about it. They refused me time after time.

Finally came that day when only the woman's son and his partner were home. My constant 'bugging' to try it had finally won them. They agreed. After promising that I wouldn't tell a soul, they fixed me. My first drastic mistake in life... although I needed acceptance so badly; it seemed right. They told me: "if you like this stuff, one day it will kill you." I've never forgotten those words.

I was sent to Brannan Lake again. My numerous escapes from there was the reason that I went to Haney Correctional Centre for two years less a day. I encountered similar problems there, just like Brannan Lake. Soon I began to understand how I was expected to act. However, I always remained very passive and vulnerable. I continued to spend a great deal of my time in the hole. I spoke with psychiatrists and psychologists there as well... but my feelings and thoughts never altered. I still did not know what I was all about. The only thing that I did know was that I was born a male and I had the mind and actions of a female. The growth of body hair and whiskers really disturbed me. It was at about this time that I guessed that I was a homosexual. This proved false as the years went by. I had learned that I was in a jungle; therefore I must abide by jungle rules, to be aggressive and tough. You had to shut out your inner feelings, turn cold! In fact I didn't want to be pressing on others, neither did I wish those masculine muscles. I only wanted to be me. This was what I was created for mentally but it wasn't what the cons, staff of institutions or family felt. I just wasn't good enough for them the way I was. The only people in my life that had accepted me for what I was were the junkies. All humans crave acceptance, in this I was no different.

When I got out of Haney I went to work. Things soon turned sour; off I went looking for the people I had met in 1962. I soon found some of these people and many more like them. I also found heroin, which was about to take control... you see, I liked it. The only thing that bothered me in this lifestyle was the ways they gained their money. I preferred to work for wages and just use heroin occasionally. This cannot continue for long; you either use or you don't use. There are no in betweens. When I learned this fact, I decided that I didn't want heroin. I backed away and went back to work. But I'd get lonely and to socialize I'd go to see my old friends. Before long I was back into heroin again. I didn't know where I stood in my sexual life. Sex with women was no good, but sex with men wasn't all that satisfying either. My feelings

were that I wanted to be held and cuddled by a loving, masculine man. To feel vulnerable with that right guy was right too. I found this man in 1975, or rather he found me. Everything was perfect, it was just the way I wanted to feel. One problem... my male body. I wished so badly that I was a woman. We talked of a possible sex change and he said that this was completely up to me. He loved me the way I was. At this point in time I had finally found a person who fit my feelings and desires. He accepted me for what I am. He wasn't a drug user either. So that problem might be rectified. Other than the occasional use of marijuana, I didn't use drugs. Everything was fine with us, except that I had to present false images in public. A complete sex change seemed the only logical answer. How else could I achieve full womanhood?

I had been pondering this thought for a number of years. Now that I knew what I wanted, things that previously upset me tended to almost derange me at times, like the sight of my genitals, body hair, whiskers, privacy and so much more.

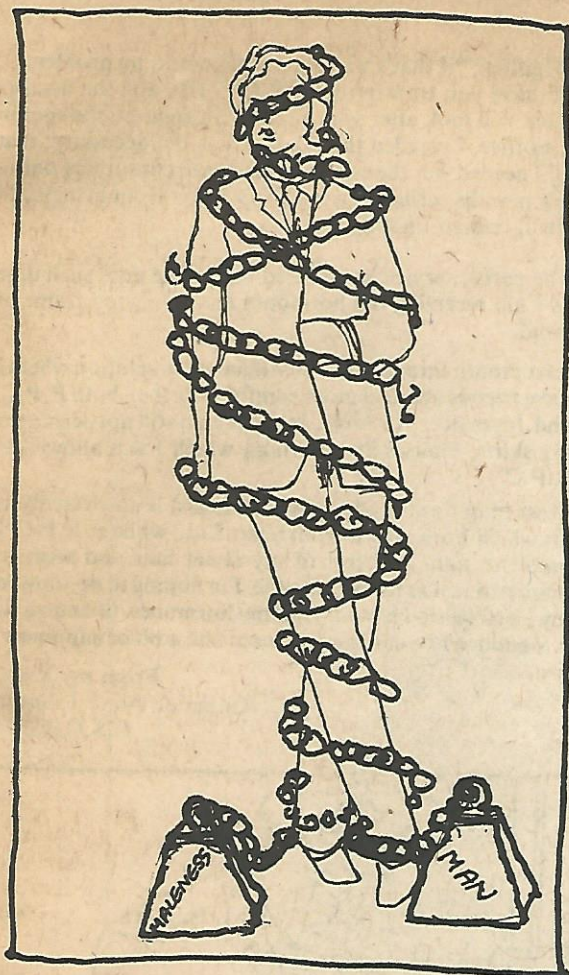
I was still non-assertive, shy and sensitive. I failed at being able to speak my mind. In 1975 I started to get estrogens from the black market. When I had them I felt so euphoric. Being in prison caused my supply to be unsteady. Consequently my moods were very erratic. I would mellow out after a period of withdrawal, but inside I was full of anguish. Extremely unhappy. I was afraid to bring all this out in the open and hoped that I could live with myself the way I was. I continued taking estrogens on and off until 1979.

I was released from prison again and shortly afterwards attempted suicide on two occasions. I wanted the comfort and understanding of a doctor who was knowledgeable of my condition; I couldn't motivate myself to let it all out.

I went back to Vancouver to the people that knew me and what I was all about. Before long I was back into heroin and crime. My fate just didn't seem to matter anymore. Deep inside I cared, but after twenty years in prison I didn't feel that there was anyone who wanted to listen or care about what I had to say. In 1976 I received another prison sentence due to my escape and heroin use. But it was directly due to my personality disorder.

Even if I had been able to express my mind at that time I would have had little success. Within the prison system, to accomplish anything but the mundane required excessive patience and reams of red tape. In November 1978 I decided that I no longer wanted to live with this continual mental anguish. I had a successful suicide on my mind, but as usual it wasn't to be. In December of that year I took a serious attempt at my jugular. I laid down on the bed content that I was through, I had at last succeeded in this. Not to be, I was found. Even though I could not move a muscle, nor even open my eyes, I was conscious. I thought to myself that it was too late, they'd never save me. By some miracle they did, and with only minute brain damage.





When I returned from the hospital my psychiatrist caught me in a very emotional state. I cried out for help! I told him everything, I asked, "would you help me?" The answer to that is I'm still crying out for help, receiving none.

In May 1980 I was assessed as transsexual by a group of gender professionals and recommended to be started on female hormones as soon as possible. This panel of qualified personnel was a board arranged for by the Canadian Corrections Service. But this same service that is compelled to provide the best of health care to its charges is ignorant and inhumane in its treatment of transsexuals. They just don't seem to care. At this time I'm receiving no proper health care in this matter whatsoever. It's strange, the psychiatrist here at Joyceville, along with the psychologist, agree that I should be on female hormones. But the medical doctor, a G.P. who runs the hospital and its disbursement of medication, does not agree with all these professionals so I go without.

For the past eighteen months I have been studying assertiveness training, doing quite well. At least now I can freely speak my mind.

I am suffering much anguish with no release for tension. On a scale of ten, my tension level is almost always up around eight. While on female hormones, it reduces to around two or three on the same scale.

I have spent a total of twenty out of thirty-two years of my life in one jail or another. Out of this I've spent a total of approximately thirteen years in solitary confinement, this due to my inability to feel comfortable in an all male environment. Presently I am in Joyceville Institution in Ontario. The population here is over four hundred males, not easy at all for a transsexual. Almost impossible. For the past nineteen months I have dropped all facades. I am a woman and a lady.

I have no choice in my being because I have to be me. Sex re-assignment is the only way that I will be able to live a normal, happy, productive life in society. I have stable future plans for parole, but I must have estrogen to function normally.

In August 1979 I performed my orchidectomy (castration) after realizing that this might give me some relief. My reasoning proved true, however, without the required amount of hormones in my system, I have developed other complications to add to my anguish.

I am well respected by the inmates and I get a lot of attention. ... too much for me to handle. This can be very upsetting at times. Then there is the continual pestering for sex. ... I am a lady, not a tramp! In my heart and mind I have always been proud of the woman that I am. I have my principles and I value them with pride.

I am a friendly, honest, loveable girl with fetishes the same as any other female. Someday I would like to settle down and adopt a couple of children. Many have said that I'm old fashioned in my ways, I say definitely no. My ways as your ways are our own decision, if we are strong human beings, we must live by what our own convictions dictate. I believe in a saying by Bob Dylan: "where your heart is, is your life."

I am basically a nature girl, I love the forests, mountains, animals and the seas. I am in all actuality a very peaceful, loving person. All I wish is to finally blend in with society!

I view other women with envy: why was I so cheated? But one mustn't dwell on self-pity. All I am asking for is MY life, not the life that our society feels I was born to live!!!

June 1980  
Kathy Johnson

28 May 1982

#### UPDATE

Because of the ever present anguish, plus constant bothering from the men, I attempted to cut off this dangly-thing (which I call a deformity) in one of my very desperate moments, in July of 1980. I went to the Regional Psychiatric Centre and after three weeks I was returned to Joyceville Institution. The psychiatrists at R.P.C. said there was nothing they could do for me.



On September 30th, 1980 I did the same thing, only this time much worse and I was admitted to the Hotel Dieu Hospital for eight days. Again I was sent to R.P.C. and again the psychiatrists told me there was nothing they could do for me until the policy was approved for treatment of transsexuals in prison.

I found R.P.C. to be more relaxing than Joyceville and I was permitted to stay. I continued writing letters to Dr. Craigen (Head of Health Services for the Corrections Service), Mr. Yeomans (Commissioner of Penitentiaries), Mr. Kaplan (Solicitor General of Canada) and many others. They all said I must be patient and wait... "a policy is due shortly."

After fourteen months and another 50-odd letters on file, finally it was announced in November 1981 that a policy had been formulated and approved.

A team of specialists from the Clarke Institute (Gender-Clinic) in Toronto came to interview me in January 1982 while at R.P.C. and I am still awaiting their report which was due in March of this year. It is the end of May and still no report has arrived! And again I am being told to be patient! **It's been three years since I literally cried my heart out BEGGING for help** and I was assured that help was available for me. The exact words I've never

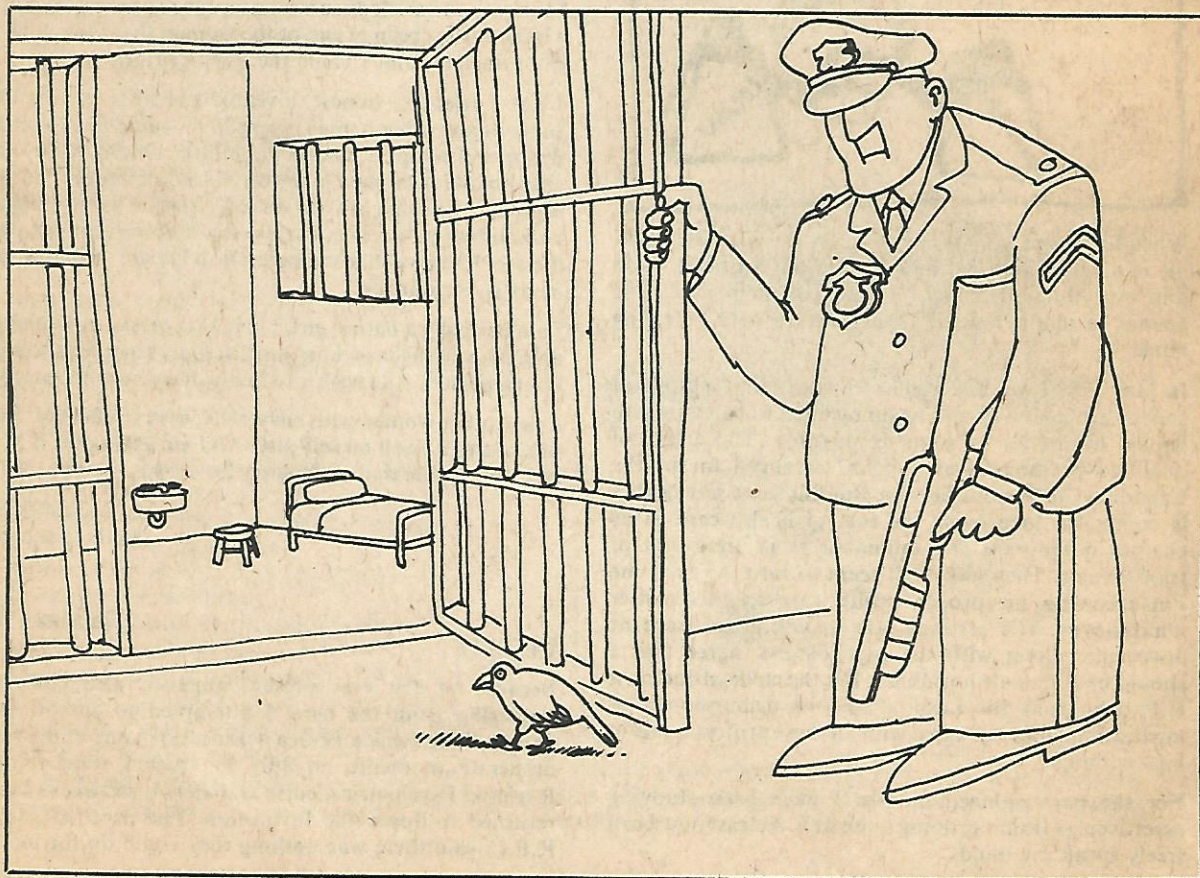
forgotten; "if that's what you really want, no problem... I'll have you transferred to R.C.P. (P), and the doctors there will look after your needs." So right on the spot in his office, I pleaded that all that was not necessary, that all I needed was the estrogen I had been consuming only a few months earlier! But anyways, I'm still out of luck and I will remain fighting.

The parole service has refused me parole until such time as I am receiving my hormones and in a good frame of mind.

Last month I transferred to Millhaven Institution where I have friends and feel more comfortable than both R.P.C. and Joyceville. However, as of yet I am still not permitted my skirts, blouses and earrings, which I was allowed at R.P.C.

Most important (2nd to my hormones) is an electrolysis kit which I purchased from Sears Ltd., while at R.P.C. I hate the sight and feel of my facial hair and wish to remove it just as fast as possible. I'm hoping to be allowed my electrolysis-kit here! And my hormones, of course. Is it too much to ask for inner peace and a bit of happiness?

From my heart,  
Katherine Anne Johnson  
C.S.C. #5526





Bulldozer needs money to help out with our ever-increasing costs. We are now using typesetting facilities in Toronto, which saves time & transportation costs but increases production costs. We can continue to subsidize the paper to some extent, but any assistance is much appreciated.

The Leonard Peltier Defense Committee has been re-organized in Toronto. They held their first rally on Nov. 6th. It turned out very well even though the number of cops who accompanied us on the march from the American Consulate to the Indian centre seemed excessive. The Defense Group would like to receive material and letters from other native and non-native groups. Their address is 1236 King St. W., #1, Toronto, Ont. M6K 1G3.

A coalition of prison abolitionists is sponsoring an international Conference on Prison Abolition in May of 1983. Speakers and resource people will be coming from the U.S., Europe, other parts of Canada as well as local activists. For more information, write them at Prison Abolition Conference, c/o Q.C.J.J., 60 Lowther St., Toronto.

**Almighty Voice** is a pamphlet published by the native brotherhood of Kent penitentiary as part of their struggle to be able to practice their native religious beliefs. Copies can be obtained from Society of the People Struggling to be Free, P.O. Box 69092, Station K, Vancouver, B.C. The cost of their legal action in this case is estimated to be \$5,000. Please help them out. Cheques should be made out to S.O.T.P.S.B.F., for deposit in acct. #80054.

**Bayou La Rose**, P.O. Box 52282, New Orleans, LA 70152 is a paper well worth checking out. The most recent issue has a number of good articles on Leonard Peltier's situation and the Native struggle in general. The same people are also trying to raise money to do a reprinting of **In Total Resistance** which was originally done by the Mohegan Lake Leonard Peltier Defense Committee. This book featured writings by Peltier, Bobby Gene Garcia and Standing Deer. This is one project that does deserve support.

The first issue of **A.T.I. Communique** has been out for a while. It deals specifically with the Texas system, particularly discussing various legal challenges to that system but of course is relevant to other jurisdictions. The second issue, just received, focuses on medical care and the lack of it, and contains an article on a man struggling with cancer. Write to them at: P.O. Box 3494, San Antonio, Texas. Donations are necessary to help them out.

**Resistance #4** has probably the most interesting and informative article outlining the origins, political and strategic development of the Red Brigades. Number 5 should be out soon as well. They can be contacted at P.O. Box 790, Station A, Vancouver, B.C.

The following Canadian prison magazines are managing to publish in spite of administrative hassles: **Tocsin** covers the Collins Bay scene with the Bay being the heaviest pen in Ontario after Millhaven. It is published 4 times a year, subs are \$5. Write to them through Stephen St. Denis, Box 190, Kingston, Ont. K7L 4V9. **Cemetery Road News** is from Kent. They're at P.O. Box 2000, Agassiz, B.C. **The Communicator** can be reached at P.O. Box 2140, Springhill, Nova Scotia B0M 1X0. These three magazines have not only good reprints but original observations, fiction, poetry, ramblings, humour, etc. Send them a dollar (preferably by cheque) for a sample copy.

In the last issue Ron Two Bulls mentioned in his story on Yellow Thunder Camp that he was working towards bringing out a prison magazine. Word has it that he has had to put his plans on ice to avoid being put there himself. He sends his regrets.

Although we have some problems with some of the non-prison politics of the **Red Dragon** (on Poland, for example) we still find its prison material to be very informative and broad based. They need financial help (as do all the magazines listed). Write to them at La Sis, P.O. Box 51012, New Orleans, LA. 70151 U.S.A.

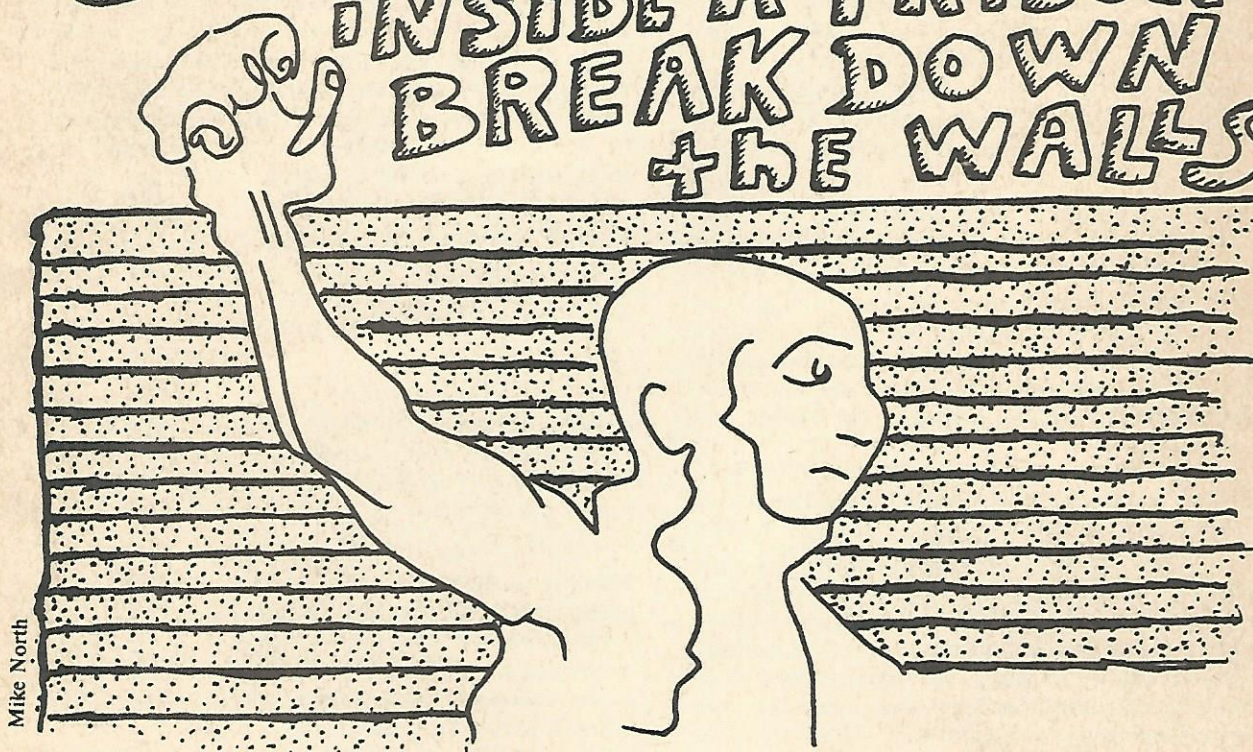
#### GRAPHIC CREDITS

|                                      |                                                   |                                     |                      |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Cover - Global Community Centre      | 11 - Lowell Naeve from "Phantasies of a Prisoner" | 21 - Helen Kadutsky - Off Our Backs | 33 - Bayou La Rose   |
| 3 - Ches-ne-o-na-eh                  | 12 - Outa Control                                 | 22 - Autonomia                      | 34 - Ches            |
| 4 - Leunig                           | 13 - Mike North                                   | 23 - Lowell Naeve                   | 35 - Lowell Naeve    |
| 5 - Body Politic                     | 15 - Prisoner's Action Group                      | 24 - C. Jaffé - This Magazine       | 37 - Bayou La Rose   |
| 7 - IRA Poster                       | 16 - Alliberem Los                                | 26 - B. Kliban                      | 38 - Akwesasne Notes |
| 8 - Hermes                           | 18 - Akwesasne Notes                              | 29 - Community Forum                | 39 - Agorra          |
| 9 - B. Kliban from "Tiny Footprints" | 19 - Lowell Naeve                                 | 31 - Ches                           | 40 - Ches            |
|                                      |                                                   |                                     | 46 - B. Kliban       |



---

# REHABILITATION CAN'T TAKE PLACE INSIDE A PRISON BREAK DOWN THE WALLS



P.S.C. Publishers  
P.O. Box 5352, Station "A"  
Toronto, Ont. M5W 1W4  
Canada

---